

The Glamour of
OXFORD



Edited by
WILLIAM KNIGHT

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**THE
GLAMOUR OF OXFORD**

**DESCRIPTIVE PASSAGES IN VERSE AND PROSE
BY VARIOUS WRITERS**

CHOSEN AND EDITED BY

WILLIAM KNIGHT

**EMERITUS-PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS, SCOTLAND**

**OXFORD
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HENRY FROWDE.**

1911

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TO THE
CHANCELLOR OF ITS UNIVERSITY
LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON
IN ADMIRATION OF
MANIFOLD SERVICES TO HIS COUNTRY
AT HOME AND ABROAD
THIS BOOK
IN PRAISE OF OXFORD
IS
DEDICATED



PREFACE

THIS book, in Praise of Oxford, has been put together as a memorial of the City and its Colleges. It is neither a guide-book to the place, nor a chronicle of events connected with its history ; but merely a record of the appreciation, the gratitude, and in some cases the benediction of its *alumni* and other visitors. It is a tribute both from the dead and from the living ; although perhaps the modern appraisals of the city as a seat of learning are superior—both in value and beauty—to those of earlier centuries. They all show in a wonderful way how it has fascinated, and often magnetized, the spirits of those who are privileged to call it their *Alma Mater*.

The literature devoted to Oxford and its Colleges is probably greater than that relating to any other University in the world, and those who wish to pursue the subject in detail can have no difficulty either as to materials or guidance ; but the compiler of this small volume believes that the perusal of some remarkable passages in prose and verse, written in its praise by distinguished men, and arranged chronologically, may be acceptable both to undergraduates and old Oxonians, as well as to those who think of sending their sons to Oxford.

Both authors and publishers have been extremely kind in allowing use to be made of those passages

which I have asked permission to include ; but I have especially to thank the Chancellor of the University, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, to whom the Book is dedicated, for his contribution to its pages ; also the following authors (I mention their names in chronological order).

The late Mr. Goldwin Smith, of Toronto, Canada, well known in both hemispheres for his literary and historical works, and his old relationship with Oxford.

His Grace the Archbishop of Armagh, for permission to insert extracts from his *Ode on the Installation of Lord Derby as Chancellor of the University* in 1853, and from his *New Atlantis*.

Mr. Thomas Edward Kebbel, author of *Oxford in the Long Vacation*, also *Old and New Oxford*, and for passages from other books.

The Rev. William Tuckwell, author of *Reminiscences of Oxford*, for extracts from 'Oxford in the Thirties', 'Undergraduates in the Thirties', and 'Oxford, 1900'.

Mrs. Butler, widow of the late Arthur Gray Butler of Oriel, for permission to include several of her husband's poems.

The Rev. Frederick William Orde Ward, author of *The World's Quest*, for his poems *The Soul of Oxford*, *Oxford the Dreamer*, and his dedication, *To my Alma Mater*.

Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton for his *Last Walk from Boar's Hill*, addressed to Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Mr. Andrew Lang for his *Almæ Matres*, and his *Ballade of the Summer Term* (Messrs. Longman, his publishers, concurring), and for passages from his prose book on *Oxford*.

Mr. Robert Bridges for *An Invitation to the Pageant*.

Mr. Thomas Hay Sweet Escott, and his publisher Mr. Fisher Unwin, for passages from *Society in the Country House*.

Mr. Herbert Arthur Evans, author of *Highways and Byways in Oxford and the Cotswolds*, for an extract from that work.

Mrs. Romanes, Pitculzean, Nigg, widow of the late George John Romanes, naturalist, for his sonnet on *Christ Church*.

Mr. William Leonard Courtney (New College) for *Meadowsweet: on the Banks of the Cherwell*, and a sonnet *In New College Cloisters*, both of them extracted from *Rosemary's Letter Book*, issued in 1909.

Professor Oliver Elton, Liverpool, and Professor John Alexander Stewart, Oxford, along with Miss York Powell, and the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, for the use of the late Professor York Powell's verses.

The Rev. Hardwicke Drummond Rawnsley, of Crosthwaite, Keswick, and Canon of Carlisle, for several poems.

Mr. James Williams, of Lincoln College, for a sonnet on *Oxford in May*.

Mr. Thomas Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen College, for a passage on Oxford in Matthew Arnold's time, extracted from his *Essays of Poems and Poetry*.

Mr. Frederick Douglas How for an extract from his book on *Oxford*.

Mr. Reginald Fanshawe, author of *Corydon*, an *Elegy*, for his poems *The Spirit of Oxford*, and *A quiet Queen*.

Mr. Alfred Denis Godley for an extract from his *Aspects of Modern Oxford*.

Professor John William Mackail for his Epilogue to *Mensæ Secundæ*, his poem *Last May Day*, and an extract from his *Life of William Morris*.

Mr. Bowyer Nichols for his *Magdalen Gardens* and *Magdalen Bridge*, and his *Magdalen Walks in Winter*.

Canon Beeching for the 'Dedication' to his *Conferences on Books and Men*.

Mr. D. S. MacColl for the 'Prospectus' to the first number of *The Oxford Magazine*.

Sir Arthur Thomas Quiller-Couch for his *Alma Mater*, and for an extract from *The Ship of Stars*.

Mr. Elkin Mathews for permission to insert Mr. Lionel Johnson's *Oxford Nights*, and his *Oxford, to Arthur Galton*.

The Rev. Gascoigne Mackie, Hordle, Brockenhurst, for numerous sections of his *Charmides*, and other verses sent specially for this volume.

Mr. Arthur Rutter Bayley for his *Sunday Afternoon at Iffley*.

Mr. Leonard Huxley for *On the River*, from 'Waifs and Strays'.

Mr. Eric Parker and Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey for the extract from an article in *The Spectator*.

Mr. Herbert Arthur Morrah for *A Welcome to Oxford.*

Mr. Bernard William Henderson, Exeter College, for his poem *Oxford.*

Mr. Cecil Headlam for two passages from his *Oxford and its Story.*

Mr. St. John Lucas for *Variations upon Oxford.*

Mr. Francis Brett Brett-Smith for his *Oxford from Exile.*

Mrs. Elsie M. Lang for a passage from her book on *The Oxford Colleges.*

Mr. Richard C. Jackson for his *Oxford, To Walter Pater, Oxford Revisited, and The Golden City.*

Miss Luise Krebs ('Elsa Lorraine') for three poems from *Leaves in the Wind.*

I also thank the following publishing houses for kindly granting permission to make use of extracts from books issued by them :

Messrs. Longman, Green & Co. for an extract from Mr. Boase's *Oxford*, 1887, for one from Mr. Morris's *Aims of Art* and *News from Nowhere*, Mr. G. J. Romanes's *Christ Church, Oxford*, a passage from Professor Mackail's *Life of William Morris*, and his *Last May Day*; Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for an extract from Mr. Shorthouse's *John Inglesant*, passages from Mr. J. R. Green's *Oxford Studies, Early History of Oxford, Oxford as it is*, from Sir Mount-stuart E. Grant Duff's *Notes from a Diary*, and from Walter Pater's *Emerald Uthwart*; Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. for Sir Edwin Arnold's *Oxford Revisited*, and Sir Lewis Morris's *To an unknown Poet*; Messrs.

Methuen & Co.—Mr. Robert Ross kindly concurring—for a passage from Mr. Oscar Wilde's *Burden of Itys*; Messrs. Seeley & Co. for a passage from Mr. Godley's *Aspects of Modern Oxford*; Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. for an extract from Mr. A. C. Benson's *Thread of Gold*; and Messrs. Blackie & Son for concurring with Mr. Frederick Douglas How.

My acknowledgements are also due to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press for permission to reproduce some of the passages included, and to the editors of *The Oxford Magazine* of past years, for similar permission cordially granted. I have been unable to find out the author of the lines *On the Cher*, which appeared in that Magazine in the year 1895 under the initial G.; and can only hope that permission to include it would have been granted, had I been able to discover the name and address of the writer. I have also failed to discover the names of those who wrote in *Waifs and Strays* under the initials C. H. W. and A. C. M. (pp. 261, 262).

When any striking contemporary tribute to Oxford is missed from the list it may be concluded that it was not possible to obtain the consent both of the author and the publisher. Perhaps, if the book is welcomed, these *lacunæ* may be filled up in the future.

I am responsible for the punctuation of the book; and also for the use and disuse of capital letters throughout. When extracts are made from the works of numerous writers, extending over many years, each with a standard of his own on these two points, it is necessary for an editor to adopt a uniform practice

throughout his book. Were that of each writer adopted, the volume would have a piebald appearance. It must also be remembered that most authors altered both their text and punctuation in successive editions ; and the question arises, should the earliest, or latest, or an intermediate version be selected by a subsequent editor ?

As a rule, each extract is printed as it occurs in an edition revised by the author ; although stanzas and passages are frequently omitted, the omission being indicated by a line of points. I should add that several contributors have slightly altered their own printed text in the 'copy' sent to me for publication.

I trust that our living poets will forgive me for what I have occasionally, but very rarely, done with their punctuation and capital letters, when I mention that I was compelled to do the same when editing the poems of one so great as Wordsworth, who was arbitrary both in his use and disuse of capitals, of commas and semicolons, of dashes and brackets.

In many modern poems the dash is irrelevant, and the bracket misplaced, the capitals arbitrary, and the punctuation irregular or inconsistent. I may have erred in what I have done in this volume ; but, for doing it, I am wholly and solely responsible.

The concluding verses, *In Memoriam Amicorum Defunctorum*, are by the Regius Professor of Civil Law, Mr. Henry Goudy, of All Souls.

As to the title of the book, that *In Praise of Oxford* was chosen by me some six years ago ; and

in all correspondence, both with authors still alive and those recently deceased, it was invariably used. This title has, however, been recently adopted for a small booklet on the place; while it is the heading of an important chapter in another volume on *Oxford* by Mr. Edward Thomas. I have been recently told that it is also to be used in a larger work in three volumes dealing with the city and its past. Therefore, although I believe there is no copyright in titles, it is expedient to avoid the mistake of duplicating them; and after numerous attempts to devise a better one—such as *The Glory of Oxford, in verse and prose*—I have cordially to thank my publisher, Mr. Blackwell, for his suggestion of *The Glamour of Oxford*, which is at once new and distinctive.

As to the extracted passages, when they are taken from a work with a title given by its author, the heading is italicized. The page cannot be indicated, as editions vary; nor can chapters be given, as sometimes they do not exist. Italics have also been used for the titles of poems, when these are given in the authors' works.

I have reserved for the close of the volume the tributes of those whom I have been unable to arrange in chronological order, and I know that the collection is incomplete; but what compilation from illustrious sources, or what 'anthology', can ever be complete, while the knowledge of all tributary streams is impossible, and when their evolution continues?

I think I should add a paragraph of retrospective

thanks to the many writers, and editors, who have preceded me in the attempt to glorify Oxford. Some of them—loyal sons of their *Alma Mater*—have, in glowing eulogy, exceeded all that one not educated within the University can say, in praise of its Colleges. The books on the subject are almost too numerous to mention ; and a selection from the list might seem an act invidious toward those left out.

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

MALVERN,
Oct. 15th, 1910.

LIST OF WRITERS
FROM WHOM EXTRACTS HAVE BEEN MADE
CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

THOMAS CHURCHYARD	(1520-1604)
SIR THOMAS PALMER	(1540-1626)
WILLIAM CAMDEN	(1551-1623)
JOHN LYLY	(1554-1606)
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE	(1564-1616)
JOHN DAVIES	(1565-1618)
ROBERT BURTON	(1577-1640)
GEORGE WITHER	(1588-1667)
THOMAS FREEMAN	(circa 1614)
THOMAS VAUGHAN	(1622-1666)
HENRY VAUGHAN	(1622-1695)
JOHN DRYDEN	(1631-1700)
JOHN AYLIFFE	(1676-1732)
ROBERT LOWTH (Bishop)	(1710-1787)
WILLIAM SHENSTONE	(1714-1763)
THOMAS WARTON	(1728-1790)
EDWARD GIBBON	(1737-1794)
WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES	(1762-1850)
THOMAS RUSSELL	(1762-1788)
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH	(1770-1850)
CHARLES LAMB	(1775-1834)
WILLIAM HAZLITT	(1778-1830)
REGINALD HEBER (Bishop)	(1783-1826)
WASHINGTON IRVING	(1783-1859)
JOHN WILSON	(1785-1854)
GEORGE VALENTINE COX	(1786-1875)
THOMAS JEFFERSON HOGG	(1792-1862)
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY	(1792-1822)
JOHN KEBLE	(1792-1866)
JOHN KEATS	(1795-1821)

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THOMAS ARNOLD	(1795-1842)
ROBERT CRAWFORD DILLON	(1795-1847)
VICTOR AIMÉ HUBER	(1800-1869)
JOHN HENRY (CARDINAL) NEWMAN	(1801-1890)
HENRY GLASSFORD BELL	(1803-1874)
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE	(1804-1864)
ROBERT MONTGOMERY	(1807-1855)
WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE	(1809-1898)
JOHN STUART BLACKIE	(1809-1895)
MARK PATTISON	(1813-1884)
FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER	(1814-1863)
AUBREY DE VERE	(1814-1902)
ELLIS YARNALL	(1817-1905)
JOHN RUSKIN	(1819-1900)
JOHN CAMPBELL SHARP	(1819-1885)
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL	(1819-1891)
MATTHEW ARNOLD	(1822-1888)
GOLDWIN SMITH	(1823-1910)
WILLIAM ALEXANDER (Archbishop)	(1824- —)
THOMAS EDWARD KEBBEL	(1826- —)
THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA	(1826-1902)
ADAM STOREY FARRAR (Canon of Durham)	(1826-1905)
CHARLES WILLIAM BOASE	(1828-1895)
SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF	(1829-1906)
WILLIAM TUCKWELL	(1829- —)
ARTHUR GRAY BUTLER	(1831-1909)
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD	(1832-1904)
SIR LEWIS MORRIS	(1832-1907)
THEODORE WATTS DUNTON	(1832- —)
JOHN NICHOL	(1833-1894)
WILLIAM MORRIS	(1834-1896)
JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE	(1834-1903)
JOHN RICHARD GREEN	(1837-1883)
WALTER PATER	(1839-1894)
FREDERICK WILLIAM ORDE WARD	(1843- —)
ANDREW LANG	(1844- —)
ROBERT BRIDGES	(1844- —)

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THOMAS HAY SWEET ESCOTT	(1844- —)
HERBERT ARTHUR EVANS	(1846- —)
HENRY GOUDY	(1848- —)
GEORGE JOHN ROMANES	(1848-1894)
GRANT ALLEN	(1848-1899)
WILLIAM LEONARD COURTNEY	(1850- —)
FREDERICK YORK POWELL	(1850-1904)
HARDWICKE DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY	(1850- —)
JAMES WILLIAMS	(1851- —)
THOMAS HERBERT WARREN	(1853- —)
FREDERICK DOUGLAS HOW	(1853- —)
REGINALD FANSHAWE	(1855- —)
OSCAR WILDE	(1856-1900)
ALFRED DENIS GODLEY	(1856- —)
JOHN WILLIAM MACKAIL	(1859- —)
HENRY CHARLES BEECHING	(1859- —)
LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON	(1859- —)
BOWYER NICHOLS	(1859- —)
DUGALD SUTHERLAND MACCOLL	(1859- —)
ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON	(1862- —)
SIR ARTHUR THOMAS QUILLER-COUCH	(1863- —)
LIONEL JOHNSON	(1867-1902)
GASCOIGNE MACKIE	(1867- —)
ELSIE M. LANG	(1868- —)
ARTHUR RUTTER BAYLEY	(1868- —)
LEONARD HUXLEY	(1869- —)
ERIC PARKER	(1870- —)
HERBERT ARTHUR MORRAH	(1870- —)
BERNARD WILLIAM HENDERSON	(1871- —)
CECIL HEADLAM	(1872- —)
ST. JOHN LUCAS	(1879- —)
FRANCIS BRETT BRETT-SMITH	(1884- —)
RICHARD C. JACKSON	
LUISE KREBS ('ELSA LORRAINE')	
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C. H. W.	
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THE GLAMOUR OF OXFORD

THE TRAGEDY OF CARDINAL WOLSEY

A COLLEGE fair in Oxford I did make,
A sumptuous house, a stately work indeed,
I gave great lands to that, for learning sake,
To bring up youth, and succour scholars' need.
That charge of mine full many a mouth did feed,
When I in Court was seeking some good turn
To mend my torch or make my candle burn.

THOMAS CHURCHYARD¹ (1520-1604).

THE ARMS OF OXFORD

MOST famous University,
And seat of high renown,
To whom broad open lies the book
Adorned with triple crown ;
Thy triple crown, and book displayed
With clasps in number seven,
For arts and for professèd skill
Resounds thy name to Heaven.
From thee, as from the lodge of love
And key of every tongue,

¹. Poet, soldier, wanderer, writer of miscellanies in prose and verse.

No less than from the Trojan horse
Most noble peers have sprung.
Come rich, come poor, come all good wits
Unto the Muse's mart,
Rejoice me, Oxford students all,
For honour fosters art.

SIR THOMAS PALMER¹ (1540-1626).

BRITANNIA

WHERE the Cherwell flows along with the Isis, and meets it ; and where their divided streams make several little sweet and pleasant islands, is seated on a rising vale the most famous University of Oxford, in Saxon Oxenford ; our most noble Athens, the seat of our English Muses, the prop and pillar, nay the sun, the eye, the very soul of the nation : the most celebrated fountain of wisdom and learning, from whence Religion, Letters, and Good Manners, are plentifully diffused through the whole Kingdom. A delicate and most beautiful city, whether we respect the neatness of private buildings, or the stateliness of public structures, or the healthy and pleasant situation. For the plain on which it stands is walled in, as it were, with hills of wood, which keeping out on one side the pestilential south wind ; and on the other the tempestuous west, admit only the purifying east, and the north which disperses all unwholesome vapour. From which

¹ High Sheriff of Kent. In 1563 Principal of Gloucester Hall, Oxford, in 1606 published an *Essay on Foreign Travel*.

delightful situation, authors tell us, it was heretofore called *Bello situm*.

WILLIAM CAMDEN¹ (1551-1623).

EUPHUES' GLASS FOR EUROPE

THERE are in this Island two famous Universities, the one Oxford, the other Cambridge, both for the profession of all sciences, for Divinity, Physic, Law, and for all kind of Learning, excelling all the Universities of Christendom.

I was myself in either of them, and like them both so well, that I mean not in the way of controversy to prefer any for the better in England, but both for the best in the world ; saving this, that Colleges in Oxenford are much more stately for the building, and Cambridge much more sumptuous for the houses in the town ; but the learning neither lieth in the free stones of the one, nor the fine streets of the other, for out of them both do daily proceed men of great wisdom, to rule in the common-wealth, of learning to instruct the common people, of all singular kind of professions to do good to all. And let this suffice, not to inquire which of them is the superior, but that neither of them have their equal, neither to ask which of them is the most ancient, but whether any other be so famous.

JOHN LYLY² (1554-1606).

¹ Magdalen College, Oxford, antiquary, historian, and schoolmaster, author of *Britannia*.

² Magdalen College, Oxford (1569), in Cambridge (1579), dramatist, author of *Euphues*.

HENRY VIII, Act iv, Scene ii

HE was most princely : ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford!¹ one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
 The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
 So excellent in Art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616).

*TO MY MUCH HONOURED AND ENTIRELY
 BELOVED PATRONESS, THE MOST
 FAMOUS UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD*

.

OXFORD, Oh, I praise thy situation
 Passing Parnassus, Muses' habitation !
 Thy bough-decked dainty walks, with brooks beset
 Fretty, like chrystral knots, in mould of jet.
 Thy sable soil's like Guian's golden ore,
 And gold it yields, manured ; no mould can more.
 The pleasant plot where thou hast footing found,
 For all it yeilds, is yolk of English ground.
 Thy stately colleges like princes' courts,
 Whose gold-embossèd high embattled ports,
 With all the glorious workmanship within,
 Make strangers deem they have in Heaven been,
 When out they come from those celestial places,
 Amazing them with glory and with graces.

¹ The reference is to Christ Church.

But, in a word to say how I like thee,
For place, for grace, and for sweet company,
Oxford is Heaven, if heaven on earth there be.

JOHN DAVIES¹ (1565-1618).

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

KING JAMES, 1605, when he came to see our University of Oxford, and amongst other edifices went to view that now famous library, renewed by Sir Thomas Bodley, in imitation of Alexander, at his departure brake out into that noble speech, ‘If I were not a King, I would be a University man : and if it were so that I must be a prisoner, if I might have my wish, I would desire to have no other prison than that library, and to be chained together with so many good authors *et mortuis magistris.*’

ROBERT BURTON² (1577-1640).

ABUSES STRIPT AND WHIPT

I WAS so happy to that Ford I came,
Which of the labouring Ox doth bear the name.
It is a spring of knowledge that imparts
A thousand several Sciences and Arts,

¹ Author of *Microcosmus, The Scourge of Folly, Witte's Pilgrimage*, &c.

² Brasenose College in 1593, Student of Christ Church in 1599 ; Vicar of St. Thomas's, Oxford, author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*.

A pure clear fount, whose water is by odds
Far sweeter than the nectar of the Gods,
Or rather (truly to entitle it)
It is the wholesome nursery of wit.

There once arrived, in years and knowledge raw,
I fell to wondering at each thing I saw;
And from my learning made a month's vacation,
In noting of the place's situation.

.
And yet for certainty I cannot tell
That e'er I drank at Aristotle's well.
And that, perhaps, may be the reason why
I know so little in Philosophy.
Yet old Sir Harry Bath was not forgot,
In the remembrance of whose wondrous shot
The forest by (believe it they that will)
Was named Shot-over, as we call it still.

But having this experience, and withal
Gotten some practice at the tennis-ball,
My tutor (telling me I was not sent
To have my time there vain and idly spent)
From childish humour gently called me in,
And with his grave instructions did begin
To teach; and by his good persuasions sought
To bring me to a love of what he taught.

.
GEORGE WITHER¹ (1588-1667).

¹ Magdalen College, Oxford, became a soldier, author of *Juvenilia*, *Fragmenta Poetica*, *Fidelia*, *Emblems*, &c.

IN OXONIAN

ENGLAND'S fair Athens, youth's thrice happy
nurse,
Nature's refiner, learning's consistory,
Refuge whereto the Muses have recourse,
And where to be the Graces chiefly glory.
Pardon thy pupil's high presuming pen,
That dares thy praise ambitiously adventer,
Each little stream repays the ocean
His borrowed waves, and doth the sea re-enter.
My self with like gratuity incenst
Return to thee (from whom it first sprang forth)
That little wit, that heretofore thou lentst
To legend out thy true deservèd worth.
But out alas, what relish hath my rhyming
It can but be a blemish to the breeder,
And I shall be controulèd for high climing,
Methinks I hear already from the reader ;
Who tells me in my talking thus so boldly,
' Better be silent, than commend so coldly.'

THOMAS FREEMAN,¹ circa 1614.

TO OXFORD

DRY pumic statues ! can you have an eye,
And have no tears to see your Mother die ?
Were you not taught such numbers to rehearse
Might make the marble weep, to bear your verse ?

¹ At Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1607.

Or those less polished quarries, where each part
Acts by infusèd malice of the heart ?
She heaved your fancies higher than the pride
Of all her pinnacles, and would have died
Blest in her martyrdom, had you but shed
A tear, to prove her children were not dead.
Such drops and pearls had sent her sparkling hence
A constellation, and your influence
To all her woes had been a just relief,
Because your life was argued by your grief.
But you keep back those joys, which even fate
In all her malice thought not to translate ;
You spend not one poor sigh for her last breath,
That we may say she lived before her death.
Yet hath she comforts, which proceed from thence
Where grief hath lost the tyranny of sense,
When on those reliques she doth cast an eye
Whom death hath lodged where her foundations lie.
Their dust (when all is gone) remains within,
Only to tell how fertile she hath been.

But I forbear : perhaps you have new arts
Not to spend eyes at funerals, but hearts.
Who in the wash of tears sets Oxford forth
Mourns at a rate, and circumscribes her worth :
Such lay-resents become not this her day ;
'Twere malice to lament the common way,
Unless we could place knowledge in the eye,
And thence distil it to an elegy.
Who threads his tears into such learnèd beads
Is a professor when he weeps, not reads.
Nor would our Oxford grieve to die, could she

In such a bracelet wear her Heptarchy.
But since (dear mother !) I can not express
Thy desolations in their own sad dress,
Give my soul leave to study a degree
Of sorrow, that may fit thy fate and thee ;
And till my eyes can weep what I can think,
Spare my fond tears, and here accept my ink.

THOMAS VAUGHAN¹ (1622-66).

ON SIR THOMAS BODLEY'S LIBRARY
THE AUTHOR THEN BEING IN OXFORD

MOST noble Bodley ! we are bound to thee
For no small part of our eternity.
Thy treasure was not spent on horse and hound,
Nor that new mode, which doth old States confound.
Thy legacies another way did go :
Nor were they left to those would spend them so.
Thy safe, discreet expense on us did flow ;
Walsam is in the midst of Oxford now.
Th' hast made us all thine heirs ; whatever we
Hereafter write, 'tis thy posterity.
This is thy monument ! here thou shalt stand
Till the times fail in their last grain of sand.
And wheresoe'er thy silent reliques keep,
This tomb will never let thine honour sleep,

¹ Twin-brother of the 'Silurist,' Jesus College, Oxford (1638), alchemist and poet ; wrote *The Man-Mouse* (1650).

Still we shall think upon thee ; all our fame
 Meets here to speak one letter of thy name :
 Thou canst not die ! Here thou art more than safe,
 Where every book is thy large epitaph.

HENRY VAUGHAN¹ (1622-95).

PROLOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

BUT by the sacred genius of this place,
 By every muse, by each domestic grace,
 Be kind to wit, which but endeavours well,
 And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
 Our poets hither for adoption come,
 As nations sued to be made free of Rome :
 Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,
 But in your utmost, last, provincial band.
 If his ambition may those hopes pursue,
 Who with religion loves your arts and you,
 Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
 Than his own mother university.
 Thebes did his green, unknowing youth engage ;
 He chooses Athens in his riper age.

JOHN DRYDEN² (1631-1700).

¹ The ‘Silurist’, Jesus College, Oxford (1638); author of *Silex Scintillans* (1650).

² Scholar of Westminster, Trinity College, Cambridge.

*THE ANTIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD*

THE University and City of Oxford are seated on a fine rising ground, in the midst of a pleasant and fruitful valley of a large extent, at the confluence of the two rivers Isis and Cherwell, with which they are encompassed on the east, west, and south; as also with a ridge of hills at a mile's distance, or thereabouts, in the form of a bow, touching more than the east and west points with the ends; so that the whole lies in the form of a theatre. In the area stands the city mounted on a small hill, and adorned with so many towers, spires, and pinnacles; and the sides of the neighbouring hills so sprinkled with trees and villas, that scarce any place equals the prospect. It was the sweetness and commodiousness of the situation (no doubt) that first invited the great and judicious King Alfred to make this place the perpetual residence of the Muses by his liberalities and encouragements: and the kings of England have ever since (especially when at any time forced from London by war, plague, or other inconveniences) been wont to remove hither, not only their Royal Courts, but the Houses of Parliament and Courts of Judicature.

All the Colleges here built are raised with hewn square stone brought from the neighbouring quarries near Oxford, and are adorned with so much elegance

of building, that almost the worst of them here, equals the best College in foreign Universities.

JOHN AYLiffe¹ (1676-1732).

A LETTER TO BISHOP WARBURTON

I WAS educated in the University of Oxford. I enjoyed all the advantages, both public and private, which that famous seat of learning so largely affords. I spent many happy years in that illustrious society, in a well-regulated course of useful discipline and studies, and in the agreeable and improving commerce of scholars : in a society, where emulation without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, incited industry, and awakened genius ; where a liberal pursuit of knowledge, and a generous freedom of thought, was raised, encouraged, and pushed forward by example, by commendation, and by authority. I breathed the same atmosphere, that the Hookers, the Chillingworths, and the Lockes had breathed before : whose benevolence and humanity were as extensive as their vast genius and their comprehensive knowledge ; who always treated their adversaries with civility and respect ; who made candour, moderation, and liberal judgement as much the rule and law as the subject of their discourse.

ROBERT LOWTH² (1710-87).

¹ Winchester School, New College, jurist.

² Winchester School, New College, Professor of Poetry, Oxford ; afterwards Bishop of Oxford, then of London.

ODE TO MEMORY, 1788

O MEMORY ! celestial maid !
Who glean'st the flow'rets cropt by time,
And suffering not a leaf to fade,
Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime,
Bring, bring those moments to my mind
When life was new and Lesbia kind.

And bring that garland to my sight,
With which my favoured crook she bound ;
And bring that wreath of roses bright,
Which then my festive temples crowned ;
And to my raptured ear convey
The gentle things she deigned to say.

And sketch with care the muse's bower,
Where Isis rolls her silver tide ;
Nor yet omit one reed or flower
That shines on Cherwell's verdant side,
If so thou mayst these hours prolong,
When polished Lycon joined my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite.
But, soon to soothe our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear more bright
Than other banks, than other streams ;
Or, by the softening pencil shown,
Assume they beauties not their own ?

And paint that sweetly-vacant scene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,
I breathed in verse one cordial vow :
That nothing should my soul inspire
But friendship warm and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
On thee the drooping muse attends ;
As some fond lover, robbed of sight,
On thy expressive power depends,
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away,
Which at ambition's shrine I made ;
Nor ever let thy skill display
Those anxious moments, ill repaid.
Oh ! from my breast that season rase,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode,
When pleased, in many a sportive ring,
Around the room I jovial rode ;
Even let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

• • • • •

WILLIAM SHENSTONE¹ (1714-63).

¹ Pembroke College, Oxford, author of *The Schoolmistress* (1742), *Poems* (1758).

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS

YE fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
Clad in the mossy vest of fleeting time ;
Ye stately piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence ;
Ye cloisters pale, that, lengthening to the sight,
Still step by step to musings mild invite ;
Ye high-arched walls, where oft the whispers clear
Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear ;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise ;
Lo ! your loved Isis, from the bordering vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail !
Hail, Oxford, hail ! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat ;
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame !
Like Greece in science and in liberty,
As Athens learned, as Lacedæmon free.
Even now, confessed to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy sacred sons arise,
Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
Thy crowding bards immortal Chaucer leads :
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing choir,
And beams on all around celestial fire.
With graceful steps see Addison advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance ;
To all but his beloved embrace denied,
See Locke leads Reason, his majestic bride ;

See Hammond pierce Religion's golden mine,
And spread the treasured stores of truth divine.

All who to Albion gave the arts of peace
And best the labours planned of lettered ease ;
Who taught with truth, or with persuasion moved ;
Who soothed with numbers, or with sense improved ;
Who told the powers of reason, or refined
All that adorned or humanized the mind ;
All crowd around, and echoing to the sky,
'Hail, Oxford, hail !' with filial transport cry.

THOMAS WARTON¹ (1728-90).

ODE FOR MUSIC, 1751

BUT in this princely land of all that's good and great
Would Clio seek the most distinguished seat,
Most blest, where all is so sublimely blest,
That with superior grace o'erlooks the rest,
Like a rich gem in circling gold enshrined,
Where Isis' waters wind
Along the sweetest shore,
That ever felt fair culture's hands,
Or Spring's embroidered mantle wore,
Lo ! where majestic Oxford stands ;
Virtue's awful throne !
Wisdom's immortal source !

Thee well her best belov'd may boasting Albion own,
Whence each fair purpose of ingenuous praise,

¹ Trinity College, Oxford ; author of *History of English Poetry* (1774-81).

All that in thought or deed divine is deemed,
In one unbounded tide, one unremitting course,
From age to age has still successive streamed ;
Where Learning and where Liberty have nursed,
For those that in their ranks have shone the first,
Their most luxuriant growth of ever-blooming bays.

And now she lifts her head sublime,
Majestic in the moss of time ;
Nor wants there Græcia's better part
'Mid the proud piles of ancient art,
Whose fretted spires, with ruder hand,
Wainfleet and Wickham bravely planned ;
Nor decent Doric to dispense
New charms 'mid old magnificence ;
And here and there soft Corinth weaves
Her daedal coronet of leaves ;
While as with rival pride their towers invade the sky,
Radcliffe and Bodley seem to vie,
Which shall deserve the foremost place,
Or Gothic strength or Attic grace.

THOMAS WARTON (1728-90).

MEMOIRS OF MY LIFE

I WAS matriculated in the University as a gentleman commoner of Magdalen College, before I had accomplished the fifteenth year of my age (April 3, 1752). . . . I arrived at Oxford with a stock of erudition, that might have puzzled a doctor, and

a degree of ignorance, of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed. . . .

A traveller, who visits Oxford or Cambridge, is surprised and edified by the apparent order and tranquillity that prevail in the seats of the English muses. In the most celebrated Universities of Holland, Germany, and Italy, the students, who swarm from different countries, are loosely dispersed in private lodgings at the houses of the burghers : they dress according to their fancy and fortune ; and in the intemperate quarrels of youth and wine, their *swords*, though less frequently than of old, are sometimes stained with each other's blood. The use of arms is banished from our English Universities ; the uniform habit of the academics, the square cap, and black gown, is adapted to the civil and even clerical professions ; and from the doctor in divinity to the undergraduate, the degrees of learning and age are externally distinguished. Instead of being scattered in a town, the students of Oxford and Cambridge are united in Colleges ; their maintenance is provided at their own expense, or that of the founders ; and the stated hours of the hall and chapel represent the discipline of a regular, and, as it were, a religious community. The eyes of the traveller are attracted by the size or beauty of the public edifices ; and the principal Colleges appear to be so many palaces, which a liberal nation has erected and endowed for the habitation of science. My own introduction to the University of Oxford forms a new era in my life ; and at the distance of forty years

I still remember my first emotions of surprise and satisfaction. In my fifteenth year I felt myself suddenly raised from a boy to a man : the persons, whom I respected as my superiors in age and academical rank, entertained me with every mark of attention and civility ; and my vanity was flattered by the velvet cap and silk gown, which distinguish a gentleman-commoner from a plebeian student. A decent allowance, more money than a schoolboy had ever seen, was at my own disposal ; and I might command, among the tradesmen of Oxford, an indefinite and dangerous latitude of credit. A key was delivered into my hands, which gave me the free use of a numerous and learned library, my apartment consisted of three elegant and well-furnished rooms in the new building, a stately pile, of Magdalen College, and the adjacent walks, had they been frequented by Plato's disciples, might have been compared to the Attic shade on the banks of the Ilissus. Such was the fair prospect of my entrance (April 3, 1752) into the University of Oxford.

EDWARD GIBBON¹ (1737-94).

ON REVISITING OXFORD

I NEVER hear the sound of thy glad bells,
Oxford, and chimes harmonious, but I say,
(Sighing to think how time has worn away)
Some spirit speaks in the sweet tone that swells,

¹ Magdalen College, Oxford (1752), author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Heard after years of absence, from the vale
 Where Cherwell winds. Most true it speaks the tale
 Of days departed, and its voice recalls
 Hours of delight and hope in the gay tide
 Of life, and many friends now scattered wide
 By many fates. Peace be within thy walls !
 I have scarce heart to visit thee ; but yet,
 Denied the joys sought in thy shades, denied
 Each better hope, since my poor — died,
 What I have owed to thee, my heart can ne'er forget.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES¹ (1762-1850).

THE RIVER CHERWELL

CHERWELL ! how pleased along thy willowed
 edge
 Erewhile I strayed, or when the morn began
 To tinge the distant turret's golden fan,
 Or evening glimmered o'er the sighing sedge !
 And now reposing on thy banks once more,
 I bid the lute farewell, and that sad lay
 Whose music on my melancholy way
 I wooed ; beneath thy willows waving hoar,
 Seeking awhile to rest—till the bright sun
 Of joy return ; as when Heaven's radiant Bow
 Beams on the night-storm's passing wings below ;
 Whate'er betide, yet something have I won
 Of solace, that may bear me on serene,
 Till eve's last hush shall close the silent scene.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES (1762-1850).

¹ Winchester School, Trinity College, Oxford, Prebendary of Salisbury.

OXFORD MEMORIES

OXFORD, since late I left thy peaceful shore,
 Much I regret thy domes with turrets crowned,
 Thy crested walls with twining ivy bound,
 Thy Gothic fanes, dim aisles, and cloisters hoar,
 And treasured rolls of wisdom's ancient lore ;
 Nor less thy varying bells, which hourly sound
 In pensive chime, or ring in lively round,
 Or toll in the slow curfew's solemn roar.
 Much, too, thy midnight walks, and musings grave
 'Mid silent shades of high-embowering trees,
 And much thy sister streams, whose willows wave
 In whispering cadence to the evening breeze ;
 But most those friends, whose much-loved converse
 gave
 Thy gentle charms a tenfold power to please.

THOMAS RUSSELL¹ (1762-88).

OXFORD (MAY 30, 1820)

YE sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth !
 In whose collegiate shelter England's Flowers
 Expand, enjoying through their vernal hours
 The air of liberty, the light of truth ;
 Much have ye suffered from Time's gnawing tooth :
 Yet, O ye spires of Oxford ! domes and towers !
 Gardens and groves ! your presence overpowers
 The soberness of reason ; till, in sooth,

¹ Winchester School, New College.

Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange,
 I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
 Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet ;
 Pace the long avenue, or glide adown
 The stream-like windings of that glorious street—
 An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH¹ (1770-1850).

LETTER TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON,
 JUNE 25, 1832

YOU do not tell me how you like Cambridge as a place, nor what you thought of its buildings, and other works of art. Did you not see Oxford as well ? It has greatly the advantage over Cambridge in its happy intermixture of Streets, Churches, and Collegiate Buildings.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850).

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

I AM plain Elia—no Selden, nor Archbishop Usher—though at present in the thick of their books, here in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Bodley.

I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in

¹ The Poet, St. John's College, Cambridge.

his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is it so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for *me*. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or a curtsy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these times are so much one's own, the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen. The halls deserted, and with open doors inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a devoir to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been *ours*), whose portrait seems to smile upon the overlooked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality: the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fire-places, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago; and spits which have

cooked for Chaucer ! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Manciple.

Antiquity ! thou wondrous charm, what art thou ? that being nothing, art everything ! When thou *wert*, thou wert not antiquity—then thou wert nothing but hadst a remoter *antiquity*, as thou calledst it, to look back to with blind veneration ; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, *modern* ! What mystery lurks in this retroversion ? or what half Januses are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert ! The mighty future is as nothing, being everything ! the past is everything, being nothing !

What were thy *dark ages* ? Surely the sun rose as brightly then as now, and man got him to his work in the morning. Why is it we can never hear mention of them without an accompanying feeling as though a palpable obscure had dimmed the face of things, and that our ancestors wandered to and fro groping !

Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, what do most arride and solace me, are thy repositories of mouldering learning, thy shelves.

What a place to be in is an old library ! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers, that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage ; and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings

is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples
which grew amid the happy orchard.

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834).

PICTURES AT OXFORD AND BLENHEIM

ROME has been called the ‘Sacred City’: might not our Oxford be called so too? There is an air about it resonant of joy and hope: it speaks with a thousand tongues to the heart; it waves its mighty shadow over the imagination: it stands in lowly sublimity on the ‘hill of ages’, and points with prophetic fingers to the sky: it greets the eager gaze from afar ‘with glistening spires and pinnacles adorned’, that shine with an eternal light as with the lustre of setting suns, and a dream and a glory hover round its head, as the spirits of former times, a throng of intellectual shapes, are seen retreating or advancing to the eye of memory: its streets are paved with the names of learning that can never wear out: its green quadrangles breathe the silence of thought, conscious of the weight of yearnings innumerable after the past, of loftiest aspirations for the future: Isis babbles of the Muse, its waters are from the springs of Helicon, its Christ Church meadows, classic, Elysian fields! We could pass our lives in Oxford without having or wanting any other idea—that of the place is enough. We imbibe the air of thought; we stand in the presence of learning. . . .

Woe to him who does not feel in passing through Oxford that he is in ‘no mean city’, that he is surrounded with the monuments and lordly mansions of the mind of man. . . .

WILLIAM HAZLITT¹ (1778-1830).

*LINES SPOKEN IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,
ON LORD GRENVILLE'S INSTALLATION
AS CHANCELLOR*

LET sterner science with unwearied eye
Explore the circling spheres, and map the sky ;
His long-drawn mole let lordly commerce scan,
And of his iron arch the rainbow span ;
Yet, while in burning characters imprest,
The poet's lesson stamps the youthful breast ;
Bids the rapt boy o'er suffering virtue bleed,
Adore a brave or bless a gentle deed,
And in warm feeling from the storied page
Arise the saint, the hero, or the sage,
Such be our toil ! Nor doubt we to explore
The thorny maze of dialectic lore,
To climb the chariot of the gods, or scan
The secret workings of the soul of man ;
Upborne aloft on Plato's eagle flight,
Or the slow pinion of the Stagyrite ;
And, those grey spoils of Herculanean pride,
If aught of yet untasted sweets they hide,
If Padua's sage be there, or art have power
To wake Menander from his secret bower.

¹ Essayist.

Such be our toil ! Nor vain the labour proves,
Which Oxford honours, and which Grenville loves !
On eloquent and firm ! whose warning high
Rebuked the rising surge of anarchy,
When, like those brethren stars to seamen known,
In kindred splendour Pitt and Grenville shone ;
On in thy glorious course ! not yet the wave
Has ceased to lash the shore, nor storm forgot to
rave.

Go on ! and oh, while adverse factions raise
To thy pure worth involuntary praise ;
While Gambia's swarthy tribes thy mercies bless,
And from thy counsels date their happiness ;
Say, (for thine Isis yet recalls with pride
Thy youthful triumphs by her leafy side,)
Say, hast thou scorned, 'mid pomp, and wealth, and
power,
The sober transports of a studious hour ?
No, statesman, no ! thy patriot fire was fed
From the warm embers of the mighty dead ;
And thy strong spirit's patient grasp combined
The souls of ages in a single mind.
By arts like these, amidst a world of foes,
Eye of the earth, th' Athenian glory rose ;
Thus, last and best of Romans, Brutus shone ;
Our Somers thus, and thus our Clarendon ;
Such Cobham was ; such, Grenville, long be thou,
Our boast before, our chief and champion now !

REGINALD HEBER¹ (1783-1826).

¹ Brasenose College, Fellow of All Souls, Newdigate prize-man, Bishop of Calcutta.

THE LIFE OF REGINALD HEBER

M^Y DEAR DAVENPORT,

. . . I have myself been at home entirely, with the exception of a week's visit to Oxford, where I found sundry contemporaries. . . . That same place always presents a curious gerometer to people who have long since ceased to be resident ; but I do not know that I ever felt it so much before. In some respects, it is whimsically altered from what I remember it, though, of course, the whole outward show proceeds with less visible alteration than the library of Goëthe's grandfather—described in his memoirs—where everything was so old, and in such good order, that it seemed as if time had stood still ; or as if the watch of society had been put back for a century. But in Oxford, notwithstanding this outward monotony, there are certain changes which an observer less keen than yourself would not fail to discover.

First, when we remember Christ Church, it was an absolute monarchy of the most ultra-oriental character ; whereas the reigning Dean¹ is as little attended to, to all appearance, as the Peishwah of the Mahrattas ; the whole government resting on an oligarchy of tutors, under whom, I think, the college flourishes, at least as much as under the cloud-compelling wig of the venerable Cyril.² My own old

¹ Charles Henry Hall, Dean of Christ Church, 1809-24 ; afterwards Dean of Durham till his death in 1827.

² Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church.

college is less altered in this respect ; but the tutors there, as elsewhere in the University, are so different a race from the former stock, as to occasion a very ludicrous comparison. The old boys never stirred from home ; these pass their whole vacations on the continent, are geologists, system-mongers, and I know not what. It is possible that, when we were lads, we rather underrated the generality of those set over us ; but I cannot help thinking that this race of beings is, on the whole, considerably amended.

REGINALD HEBER (1783-1826).

DESCRIPTION WRITTEN AFTER A TOUR IN OXFORD

THE SKETCH BOOK

NOTHING can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage. The solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them ; the hare, bounding away to the covert ; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing. The brook, taught to wind in the most natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake—the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters : while some rustic temple or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

These are but a few of the features of park scenery ; but what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. . . .

The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand ; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees ; the cautious pruning of others ; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage ; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf ; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water ; all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favourite picture.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy, that descends to the lowest class. The very labourer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice ; the pot of flowers in the window ; the holly providentially planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fire-side : all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest

levels of the public mind. . . . The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is level, and would be monotonous, were it not for the charms of culture; but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farmhouse and moss-grown cottage is a picture; and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness.

WASHINGTON IRVING¹ (1783-1859).

MAGDALEN TOWER

WHY hang the sweet bells mute in Magdalen Tower,
 Still wont to usher in delightful May,
 The dewy silence of the morning hour
 Cheering with many a changeful roundelay?
 And those pure youthful voices, where are they,
 That, hymning far up in the listening sky,
 Seemed issuing softly through the gates of day,
 As if a troop of sainted souls on high
 Were hovering o'er the earth with angel melody?

JOHN WILSON² (1785-1854).

¹ American man of letters.

² 'Christopher North,' Magdalen College, Oxford, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE

HAVING been educated in the School and Choir of Magdalen College, it is but reasonable, as well as natural, that my earliest 'Recollections' should be so often connected with that Society.

Thou dear old College! by whatever name
 Natives or strangers call our 'Oxford Queen',
 To me, from days long past, thou'rt aye the same.—
 Maudlin,—or Magdalen,—or Magdalene.

Not Magdalènè—as I have heard it pronounced in church by scrupulous or fantastic persons, who seem not to have learned a lesson from the young man in *The Spectator*, whose toast 'Elizabetha' was by acclamation cut down to plain 'Bess'. . . .

GEORGE VALENTINE COX¹ (1786–1875).

THE LIFE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

OF rural excursions he was at all times fond. He loved to walk in the woods, to stroll on the banks of the Thames, but especially to wander about Shotover Hill. There was a pond at the foot of the hill, before ascending it, and on the left of the road; it was formed by the water, which had filled an old quarry. Whenever he was permitted to shape his course as he would he proceeded to the edge of this pool, although the scene had no other attractions

¹ New College, author of *Recollections of Oxford* (1868).

than a certain wildness and barrenness. Here he would linger until dusk, gazing in silence on the water, repeating verses aloud, or earnestly discussing themes that had no connexion with surrounding objects. Sometimes he would raise a stone as large as he could lift, deliberately throw it into the water as far as his strength enabled him, then he would loudly exult at the splash, and would quietly watch the decreasing agitation, until the last faint ring and almost imperceptible ripple disappeared on the still surface. ‘Such are the effects of an impulse on the air,’ he would say ; and he complained of our ignorance of the theory of sound—that the subject was obscure and mysterious, and many of the phenomena were contradictory and inexplicable. He asserted that the science of acoustics ought to be cultivated, and that by well-devised experiments valuable discoveries would undoubtedly be made, and he related many remarkable stories connected with the subject that he had heard or read.

Sometimes he would busy himself in splitting slaty stones, in selecting thin and flat pieces, and in giving them a round form ; and when he had collected a sufficient number, he would gravely make ducks and drakes with them, counting, with the utmost glee, the number of bounds as they flew along, skimming the surface of the pond. He was a devoted worshipper of the water-nymphs ; for, whenever he found a pool, or even a small puddle, he would loiter near it, and it was no easy task to get him to quit it. He had not yet learned that art, from which he after-

wards derived so much pleasure—the construction of paper boats. He twisted a morsel of paper into a form that a lively fancy might consider a likeness of a boat; and, committing it to the water, he anxiously watched the fortunes of the frail bark, which, if it was not soon swamped by the faint winds and miniature waves, gradually imbibed water through its porous sides, and sank. Sometimes, however, the fairy vessel performed its little voyage, and reached the opposite shore of the puny ocean in safety.

It is astonishing with what keen delight he engaged in this singular pursuit. It was not easy for an uninitiated spectator to bear with tolerable patience the vast delay on the brink of a wretched pond upon a bleak common, and in the face of a cutting north-east wind, on returning to dinner from a long walk at sunset on a cold winter's day; nor was it easy to be so harsh as to interfere with a harmless gratification that was evidently exquisite. It was not easy, at least, to induce the ship-builder to desist from launching his tiny fleets, so long as any timber remained in the dock-yard. I prevailed once and once only. It was one of those bitter Sundays that commonly receive the new year; the sun had set, and it had almost begun to snow. I had exhorted him long in vain, with the eloquence of a frozen and famished man, to proceed. At last I said in despair—alluding to his never-ending creations, for a paper navy that was to be set afloat simultaneously lay at his feet, and he was busily constructing more, with blue and swollen hands, ‘Shelley, there is no use

in talking to you ; you are the Demiurgus of Plato ! ' He instantly caught up the whole flotilla, and, bounding homeward with mighty strides, laughed aloud ; laughed like a giant as he used to say. So long as his paper lasted, he remained riveted to the spot, fascinated by this peculiar amusement. All waste paper was rapidly consumed, then the covers of letters ; next letters of little value ; the most precious contributions of the most esteemed correspondent, although eyed wistfully many times and often returned to the pocket, were sure to be sent at last in pursuit of the former squadrons. Of the portable volumes which were the companions of his rambles, and he seldom went out without a book, the fly leaves were commonly wanting ; he had applied them as our ancestor Noah applied Gopher wood. But learning was so sacred in his eyes, that he never trespassed farther upon the integrity of the copy ; the work itself was always respected.

THOMAS JEFFERSON HOGG¹ (1792-1862).

THE LIFE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

'THE country near Oxford,' he (Shelley) continued, as we reposed after our meagre supper, 'has no pretensions to peculiar beauty, but it is quiet, and pleasant, and rural, and purely agricultural after the good old fashion. It is not only unpolluted by manufactures and commerce, but it is exempt from

¹ University College, author of *The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, reviewer.

the desecration of the modern husbandry, of a system which accounts the farmer a manufacturer of hay and corn. I delight to wander over it.' He enlarged upon the pleasure of our pedestrian excursions, and added, 'I can imagine few things that would annoy me more severely than to be disturbed in our tranquil course. It would be a cruel calamity to be interrupted by some untoward accident, to be compelled to quit our calm and agreeable retreat. Not only would it be a sad mortification, but a real misfortune, for if I remain here I shall study more closely and with greater advantage than I could in any other situation that I can conceive. Are you not of the same opinion?'

'Entirely.'

'I regret only that the period of our residence is limited to four years. I wish they would revive, for our sake, the old term of six or seven years. If we consider how much there is for us to learn,' here he paused and sighed deeply through that despondency which sometimes comes over the unwearied and zealous student, 'we shall allow that the longer period would still be far too short !'

I assented, and we discoursed concerning the abridgement of the ancient term of residence, and the diminution of the academical year, by frequent, protracted and most inconvenient vacations.

'To quit Oxford,' he said, 'would be still more unpleasant to you than to myself, for you aim at objects that I do not seek to compass, and you cannot fail, since you are resolved to place your success beyond the reach of chance.'

He enumerated with extreme rapidity, and in his enthusiastic strain, some of the benefits and comforts of a college life.

THOMAS JEFFERSON HOGG (1792-1862).

SHELLEY AT OXFORD

AFTER travelling for several days we reached the last stage, and soon afterwards approached the point whence, I was told, we might discern the first glimpse of the metropolis of learning. I strained my eyes to catch a view of that land of promise, for which I had so eagerly longed. The summits of towers and spires and domes appeared afar, and faintly ; then the prospect was obstructed. By degrees it opened upon us again, and we saw the tall trees that shaded the Colleges. At three o'clock on a fine autumnal afternoon we entered the streets of Oxford. Although the weather was cold we had let down all the windows of our post-chaise, and I sat forward, devouring every object with greedy eyes. Members of the University, of different ages and ranks, were gliding through the quiet streets of the venerable city in academic costume. We devoted two or three days to the careful examination of the various objects of interest that Oxford contains. The eye was gratified, for the external appearance of the University even surpassed the bright picture which my youthful imagination had painted. . . . I soon grew pleased with Oxford, on the whole ; pleased with

the beauty of the city and its gentle river, and the pleasantness of the surrounding country.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY¹ (1792–1822).

ON LEAVING CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, ON HIS ELECTION TO A FELLOWSHIP AT ORIEL

HOW soft, how silent has the stream of Time
 Borne me unheeding on, since first I dreamed
 Of poetry and glory in thy shade,
 Scene of my earliest harpings ? There, if oft
 (As through thy courts I took my nightly round,
 Where thy embattled line of shadow hid
 The moon's white glimmerings) on my charmèd ear,
 Have swelled of thy triumphant minstrelsy²
 Some few faint notes : if one exulting chord
 Of my touched heart has thrilled in unison,
 Shall I not cling unto thee ? shall I cast
 No strainèd glance on my adopted home,
 Departing ? Seat of calm delight, farewell !
 Home of my muse, and of my friends ! I ne'er
 Shall see thee but with such a gush of soul
 As flows from him who welcomes some dear face
 Lost in his childhood. Yet not lost to me
 Art thou ; for still my heart exults to own thee,
 And memory still, and friendship make thee mine.

JOHN KEBLE³ (1792–1866).

¹ University College, poet.

² Sir John T. Coleridge, at that time a scholar of C.C.C., had won the prize for Latin Verses, on ‘Pyramides Ægyptiacæ’ in the year 1810.

³ Corpus Christi College, Oxford (1809), Oriel College, 1811 ; author of *The Christian Year*.

OXFORD. FROM BAGLEY, AT 8 A.M.

THE flood is round thee, but thy towers as yet
Are safe, and clear as by a summer's sea
Pierce the calm morning mist, serene and free,
To point in silence heavenward. There are met
Thy foster-children ;—there in order set
Their nursing-fathers, sworn to Heaven and thee
(An oath renewed this hour on bended knee)
Ne'er to betray their Mother nor forget.—
Lo ! on the top of each aerial spire
What seems a star by day, so high and bright,
It quivers from afar in golden light :
But 'tis a form of earth, though touched with fire
Celestial, raised in other days to tell
How, when they tired of prayer, Apostles fell.

JOHN KEBLE (1792-1866).

THE LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS,¹ 1817

THIS Oxford, I have no doubt, is the finest city in the world. It is full of old Gothic buildings—spires, towers, quadrangles, cloisters, groves, &c.—and is surrounded with more clear streams than ever I saw together.

For the last five or six days we have had regularly a boat on the Isis, and explored all the streams about, which are more in number than your eyelashes.

¹ The poet.

We sometimes skim into a bed of rushes, and there become naturalized river-folks. There is one particularly nice nest, which we have christened ' Reynolds' Cove ', in which we have read Wordsworth and talked as may be.

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821).

*THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF
DR. ARNOLD*

To REV. GEORGE CORNISH

Laleham, Sept. 20, 1819.

POOR dear old Oxford ! If I live till I am eighty, and were to enjoy all the happiness that the warmest wish could desire, I should never forget, or cease to look back with something of a painful feeling on the years we were together there, and on all the delights that we have lost ; and I look forward with extreme delight to my intended journey, down to the audit in October, when I shall take a long and last farewell of my old haunts, and will, if I possibly can, yet take one more look at Bagley Wood, and the pretty field, and the wild stream that flows down between Bullington and Cowley Marsh, not forgetting even your old friend, ' the Lower London Road.' Well, I must endeavour to get some such associations to combine with Laleham and its neighbourhood ; but at present all is harsh and ruffled, like woods in a high wind, only I am beginning to love my own

little study, where I have a sofa full of books, as of old, and the two verse books lying about on it, and a volume of *Herodotus*; and where I sit up and read or write till twelve or one o'clock.

THOMAS ARNOLD¹ (1795-1842).

DR. ARNOLD TO A. H. CLOUGH

I DELIGHT in your enjoyment of Oxford, and in what you say of the union amongst our Rugby men there. But I cannot think that you are yet thoroughly acquainted with the country about Oxford, as you prefer the Rugby fields to it. Not to mention Bagley Wood, do you know the little valleys that debouche on the Valley of the Thames behind the Hinkseys; do you know Horspath, nestling under Shotover; or Elsfield on its green slope, or all the variety of Cumnor Hill; or the wider skirmishing ground by Beckley, Stanton St. John's, and Forest-hill, which we used to expatiate over on whole holidays?

THOMAS ARNOLD (1795-1842).

DR. ARNOLD TO W. C. LAKE

I REMEMBER well, by my own experience, the strong tendency of an Oxford life upon any one who is justly fond of Oxford, to make him exceed-

¹ Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Head master of Rugby School.

ingly venerate those who are at the head of Oxford society.

The influence of the place in this way can hardly be resisted during a certain time of a man's life ; I got loose from it before I left Oxford, because I found, as my own mind grew, that those whom I had so reverenced were not so much above myself, and I knew well enough that I should myself have made but a sorry oracle. And this I think has hindered me from looking up to any man as a sort of general guide ever since.

THOMAS ARNOLD (1795-1842).

*THE LORD MAYOR'S VISIT TO OXFORD
IN JULY, 1826*

THERE is always something peculiarly imposing in the entrance, particularly the eastern entrance, to this magnificent city. The broad walk, bounded by lofty elms along the river, which attracts the eye, on the right, in passing over the bridge, and then the grey walls and lofty tower of Magdalen College—viewed in connexion with the arched entrance to the Botanical Garden, and the beautiful walk belonging to Christ Church on the left—form unitedly a scene of such unrivalled classic beauty, as rarely fails powerfully to impress the imagination. You feel—the moment you have crossed the stone bridge, and are passing by the row of rugged elms that overshadow the pathway in front of Magdalen tower—that you

are now more exclusively within the solemn realm of literature ; where learning, which in other places is contented to dwell in cottages, or to be closeted in garrets, dwells here in palaces, and puts on all the pomp and circumstance of majesty. And if within the precincts of this most august of cities, it shall have been your privilege to receive your education, . . . every renewed visit will but serve to waken up fresh feelings of filial gratitude, and classic veneration.

REV. ROBERT CRAWFORD DILLON¹ (1795-1847).

DIE ENGLISCHEN UNIVERSITÄTEN

(Translated by Francis William Newman)

THERE is scarce a spot in the world that bears an historical stamp so deep and varied as Oxford ; where so many noble memorials of moral and material power, co-operating to an honourable end, meet the eye all at once. He who can be proof against the strong emotions which the whole aspect and genius of the place tend to inspire, must be dull, thoughtless, uneducated, or of very perverted views. Others will bear us witness, that, even side by side with the Eternal Rome, the Alma Mater of Oxford may be fitly named, as producing a deep, a lasting, and peculiar impression.

In one of the most fertile districts of the Queen of the Seas, whom nature has so richly blessed, whom

¹ St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, Chaplain to Alderman Venables when Lord Mayor of London.

for centuries past no footstep of foreign armies has desecrated, lies a broad green vale, where the Cherwell and the Isis mingle their full, clear waters. Here and there primeval elms and oaks overshadow them ; while in their various windings they encircle gardens, meadows, and fields, villages, cottages, farm-houses, and country-seats, in motley mixture. In the midst rises a mass of mighty buildings, the general character of which varies between convent, palace, and castle. Some few Gothic church-towers and Romaic domes, it is true, break through the horizontal lines ; yet the general impression at a distance and at first sight, is essentially different from that of any of the towns of the Middle Ages. The outlines are far from being so sharp, so angular, so irregular, so fantastical ; a certain softness, a peculiar repose, reigns in those broader, terrace-like rising masses. Only in the creations of Claude Lorraine or Poussin could we expect to find a spot to compare with the prevailing character of this picture, especially when lit up by a favourable light. The principal masses consist of Colleges, the University buildings, and the city Churches ; and by the side of these the city itself is lost on distant view. . . . Each of the larger and more ancient Colleges looks like a separate whole—an entire town, whose walls and monuments proclaim the vigorous growth of many centuries ; and the town itself has happily escaped the lot of modern beautifying, and in this respect harmonizes with the Colleges.

VICTOR AIMÉ HUBER (1800-69).

SNAPDRAGON

I AM rooted to the wall
Of buttress'd tower or ancient hall ;
Prisoned in an art-wrought bed,
Cased in mortar, cramped with lead ;
Of a living stock alone
Brother of the lifeless stone.

Else unprized, I have my worth
On the spot that gives me birth¹ ;
Nature's vast and varied field
Braver flowers than me will yield,
Bold in form and rich in hue,
Children of a purer dew ;
Smiling lips and winning eyes
Meet for earthly paradise.

Choice are such,—and yet thou knowest
Highest he whose lot is lowest.
They, proud hearts, a home reject
Framed by human architect ;
Humble, I can bear to dwell
Near the pale recluse's cell,
And I spread my crimson bloom,
Mingled with the cloister's gloom.

Life's gay gifts and honours rare,
Flowers of favour ! win and wear !

¹ It was at Trinity College, Oxford.

Rose of beauty, be the queen
In pleasure's ring and festive scene.
Ivy, climb and cluster, where
Lordly oaks vouchsafe a stair.

Vaunt, fair lily, stately dame,
Pride of birth and pomp of name.
Miser crocus, starved with cold,
Hide in earth thy timid gold.
Travelled dahlia, freely boast
Knowledge brought from foreign coast.

Pleasure, wealth, birth, knowledge, power,
These have each an emblem flower ;
So for me alone remains
Lowly thought and cheerful pains.
Be it mine to set restraint
On roving wish and selfish plaint ;
And for man's drear haunts to leave
Dewy morn and balmy eve.

Be it mine the barren stone
To deck with green life not its own.
So to soften and to grace
Of human works the rugged face.
Mine, the Unseen to display
In the crowded public way,
Where life's busy arts combine
To shut out the Hand Divine.

Ah ! no more a scentless flower,
By approving Heaven's high power,

Suddenly my leaves exhale
Fragrance of the Syrian gale.
Ah ! 'tis timely comfort given
By the answering breath of Heaven !
May it be ! then well might I
In College cloister live and die.

JOHN HENRY (CARDINAL) NEWMAN¹ (1801-90).

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF UNIVERSITIES

A VERY pagan ought to be able to prophesy that our University is destined for great things. I look back at the early combats of Popes Victor and Stephen ; I go to Julius and Celestine, Leo and Gregory, Boniface and Nicholas ; I pass along the Middle Ages, down to Paul the Third, and Pius the Fifth ; and thence to the two Popes of the same name, who occupy the most eventful fifty years, since Christianity was ; and I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that the Sovereign Pontiffs have a gift, proper to themselves, of understanding what is good for the Church, and what Catholic interests require. And in the next place, I find that this gift exercises itself in an absolute independence of secular politics, and a detachment from every earthly and temporal advantage, and pursues its end by uncommon courses, and by unlikely instruments, and by methods of its own. I see that it shines the brightest, and is the

¹ Trinity College, Oxford, Fellow of Oriel (1822) ; England's greatest cardinal.

most surprising in its results, when its possessors are the weakest in this world and the most despised ; that in them are most vividly exemplified the Apostle's words, in the most beautiful and most touching of his Epistles, ' We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency may be of the power of God, and not of us ; as needy, yet enriching many, as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.'

JOHN HENRY (CARDINAL) NEWMAN (1801-90).

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF UNIVERSITIES

THREE is no political power in England like a College in the Universities. It is not a mere local body, as a Corporation or London Company ; it has allies in every part of the country. When the mind is most impressible, when the affections are warmest, when associations are made for life, when the character is most ingenuous and the sentiment of reverence is most powerful, the future landowner, or statesman, or lawyer, or clergyman comes up to a College in the Universities. There he forms friendships, there he spends his happiest days ; and, whatever is his career there, brilliant or obscure, virtuous or vicious, in after years, when he looks back on the past, he finds himself bound by ties of gratitude and regret to the memories of his College life. He has received favours from the Fellows, he has dined with the Warden or Provost ; he has unconsciously imbibed to the full the beauty and the music of the place. The routine of duties and observances, the preachings and the

examinations and the lectures, the dresses and the ceremonies, the officials whom he feared, the buildings or gardens that he admired, rest upon his mind and his heart, and their shade becomes a sort of shrine to which he makes continual silent offerings of attachment and devotion. It is a second home; not so tender, but more noble, and majestic, and authoritative. Through his life he more or less keeps up a connexion with it and its successive sojourners. He has a brother or intimate friend on the foundation, or he is training up his son to be a member of it. When then he hears that a blow is levelled at the Colleges, and that they are in commotion—that his own College, Head and Fellows, have met together, and put forward a declaration calling on its members to come up and rally round it and defend it—a chord is struck within him, more thrilling than any other; he burns with *esprit de corps* and generous indignation; and he is driven up to the scene of his early education, under the keenness of his feelings, to vote, to sign, to protest, to do just what he is told to do, from confidence in the truth of the representations made to him, and from sympathy with the appeal. He appears on the scene of action ready for battle on the appointed day, and there he meets others like himself, brought up by the same summons; he gazes on old faces, revives old friendships, awakens old reminiscences, and goes back to the country with the freshness of youth upon him. Thus, wherever you look, to the North or South of England, to the East or West, you find

the interest of the Colleges dominant ; they extend their roots all over the country, and can scarcely be overturned, certainly not suddenly overturned, without a revolution.

JOHN HENRY (CARDINAL) NEWMAN (1801-90).

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

THERE are those who, having felt the influence of this ancient school (of Oxford), and being smit with its splendour and its sweetness, ask wistfully if never again it is to be Catholic, or whether at least some footing for Catholicity may not be found there. All honour and merit to the charitable and zealous hearts who so inquire ! Nor can we dare to tell what, in time to come, may be the inscrutable purposes of that grace which is ever more comprehensive than human hope and aspiration. But for me, from the day I left its walls, I never, for good or bad, have had anticipation of its future ; and never for a moment have I had a wish to see again a place which I have never ceased to love, and where I lived for nearly thirty years.

JOHN HENRY (CARDINAL) NEWMAN (1801-90).

THE CHESTNUT OF BRAZENOSE¹

D
OCTORS from Radcliffe's dome look down on thee,

Unconscious chestnut with the leafy crown !

And so on unpruned Nature, fresh and free,

Learning too often looks complacent down—

Learning decorous in her cap and gown—

And feasting on the brains of men long dead,

What should she see in all this stately town
To make her bend the knee or veil the head ?

And yet not Plato, not the Stagyrite,

Could teach a bud to expand into a flower ;
Take then thy pen, book-worshipper, and write,

Learning is but a secondary power ;

And look not down, but reverently look up

To every blossomed spray that rears its dewy cup.

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL² (1803-74).

¹ This sonnet was named by its author *The Chestnut of Brazenose*, as the same tree was afterwards named by his son-in-law, Professor John Nichol, in a similar sonnet: but it is really *The Chestnut of Exeter*. Its root is within the precincts of that College; although its branches extend to and almost overhang Brazenose.

² Scottish Advocate, Sheriff of Lanarkshire.

OUR OLD HOME

OXFORD . . . must remain its own sole expression; and those whose sad fortune it may be never to behold it have no better resource than to dream about gray, weather-stained, ivy-grown edifices, wrought with quaint Gothic ornament, and standing around grassy quadrangles, where cloistered walks have echoed to the quiet footsteps of twenty generations,—lawns and gardens of luxurious repose, shadowed with canopies of foliage, and lit up with sunny glimpses through archways of great boughs,—spires, towers, and turrets, each with its history and legend,—dimly magnificent chapels, with painted windows of rare beauty and brilliantly diversified hues, creating an atmosphere of richest gloom,—vast college halls, high-windowed, oaken-panelled, and hung round with portraits of the men, in every age, whom the University has nurtured to be illustrious,—long vistas of alcoved libraries where the wisdom and learned folly of all time is shelved,—kitchens (we throw in this feature by way of ballast, and because it would not be English Oxford without its beef and beer) with huge fireplaces, capable of roasting a hundred joints at once,—and cavernous cellars, where rows of piled-up hogsheads seethe and fume with that mighty malt-liquor which is the true milk of Alma Mater. Make all these things vivid in your dream, and you will never know nor believe how inadequate is the result to represent even the merest outside of Oxford.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE¹ (1804-64).

¹ American man of letters.

NEW COLLEGE GARDENS

THE gardens of New College are indescribably beautiful,—not gardens in an American sense, but lawns of the richest green and softest velvet grass, shadowed over by ancient trees, that have lived a quiet life here for centuries, and have been nursed and tended with such care, and so sheltered from rude winds, that certainly they must have been the happiest of all trees. Such a sweet, quiet, sacred, stately seclusion—so age-long as this has been, and, I hope, will continue to be—cannot exist anywhere else. One side of the garden-wall is formed by the ancient wall of the city, which Cromwell's artillery battered, and which still retains its pristine height and strength. At intervals, there are round towers that formed the bastions; that is to say, on the exterior they are round towers, but within, in the garden of the College, they are semicircular recesses, with iron garden-seats arranged round them. The loopholes through which the archers and musketeers used to shoot still pierce through deep recesses in the wall, which is here about six feet thick. I wish I could put into one sentence the whole impression of this garden, but it could not be done in many pages.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-64).

OXFORD BY MOONLIGHT

THERE is a magic in the moonlit hour
Which day hath never in his deepest power
Of light and bloom, when bird and bee resound,
And new-born flowers imparadise the ground !
And ne'er hath city since a moon began
To hallow Nature for the soul of man,
Steeped in the freshness of her fairy light,
More grandly shone, than Oxford shines to-night !
No lines of harshness on her temples frown,
But all in one soft magic melted down,—
Sublimer grown, through mellow air they rise,
And seem with vaster swell to awe the skies !
On archèd windows how intensely gleams
The glassy whiteness of reflected beams !
Whose radiant slumber on the marble tomb
Of mitred Founders in funereal gloom,
Extends ; or else, in pallid shyness falls
On gothic casements, or collegiate walls.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY¹ (1807-55).

¹ Lincoln College, Oxford.

A FAREWELL MESSAGE TO OXFORD AS HIS
END DREW NEAR

THERE is no expression of Christian sympathy that I value more than that of the ancient University of Oxford—the God-fearing and God-sustaining University of Oxford. I served her, perhaps mistakenly, but to the best of my ability. My most earnest prayers are hers to the uttermost and to the last.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE¹ (1809–98).

OXFORD (1889)

HAIL to thee, Oxford, with fair front, and free
From churchly pride and scholarly conceit,
And with wide arms of kinship spread to greet
All eager souls that seek a sign from thee !
Too long, too long men saw thee sit apart
From all the living pulses of the hour,
Glassing thyself in thy peculiar dower,
Like a vain beauty with a loveless heart.
But now God taught thine eye to look abroad
On this rich pomp of things, and recognise
In changing forms and ever new disguise
The radiant face of one unchanging God ;
And in the complex play of great and small
See how all live for each, and each for all.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE² (1809–95).

¹ Christ Church, Oxford.

² Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.

THE MEMOIRS OF MARK PATTISON

THE next thought, therefore, was to get my name entered as a candidate for admission at some college. As we were now within sixty miles—seven hours it was then—of Oxford, it was determined that my father should go down to inquire about a college. He was not loth to get an opportunity of revisiting his loved haunts—the spot which occupied so large a space in his imagination. It was May, and Oxford, not then overbuilt and slummy, looked—as Oxford can look still in May—charming. I was intoxicated with delight, and my father was as pleased as a child. His constant recurrence to his reminiscences of the place had so riveted it in my mind that I had, by aid of an old guide book I found at Hauxwell, mastered the topography by anticipation, and was proud, as we walked about the streets, to show that I knew where to find the colleges. In all other respects I was an ignorant country bumpkin, and incapable of learning from what I now saw for the first time. My father, of course, took me ‘on the water’—his own favourite amusement. We were sculled down to Iffley, and he enjoyed paying the overcharge, ‘eighteenpence each gentleman as went in the boat, and two shillings the man’; being overcharged made him feel that he was in Oxford, and the dialect, unheard for five-and-twenty years, impressed the same fact through another sense. . . . We were put down at the ‘Angel’ at 4 a.m. on Wednesday

morning. I can recall now the state of excitement in which I was all the way from Woodstock, and the exultation of spirits in which I hailed the lights in St. Giles'.

MARK PATTISON¹ (1813-84).

AGED CITIES

I HAVE known cities with the strong-armed Rhine
Clasping their mouldered quays in lordly sweep ;
And lingered where the Maine's low waters shine
Through Tyrian Frankfort ; and been fain to weep
'Mid the green cliffs where pale Mozella laves
That Roman sepulchre, imperial Treves.
Ghent boasts her street, and Bruges her moonlight
square ;
And holy Mechlin, Rome of Flanders, stands,
Like a queen-mother, on her spacious lands ;
And Antwerp shoots her glowing spire in air.
Yet have I seen no place, by inland brook,
Hill-top, or plain, or trim arcaded bowers,
That carries age so nobly in its look,
As Oxford with the sun upon her towers.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER² (1814-63).

¹ Oriel College, 1837, Fellow of Lincoln in 1839.

² Balliol College (1832), priest, founder of the London Oratory, writer on Religion ; and, after Matthew Arnold, Oxford's chief poet.

ST. MARY'S AT NIGHT

I

DEAR Mother ! at whose angel-guarded shrine
 The faithful sought of old their daily bread,
 How full thou art of impulses divine
 And memories deep and dread !

II

Steeped in the shades of night thou art unseen,
 All save thy fretted tower, and airy spire
 That travels upward to yon blue serene,
 Like a mighty altar-fire ;

III

For wavy streams of moonlight creep and move
 Through little arches and o'er sculptures rare,
 So lifelike one might deem that angels love
 To come and cluster there.

IV

Oh ! it is well that thou to us shouldst be
 Like the mysterious bush, engirt with flame,
 Yet unconsumed, as she that gifted thee
 With her high virgin name ;

V

And like the Church, that hath for ages stood
 Within the world, and always been on fire ;
 Albeit her hidden scent, like cedar-wood,
 Smells sweetest on the pyre.

VI

The city sleeps around thee, save the few
 That keep sad vigil, with their spirits bare,
 As Gideon's fleece, to catch the cold fresh dew
 That falls on midnight prayer.

VII

Why doth thy lonely tower tell forth the time,
 When men nor heed nor hear the warning sound ?
 Why waste the solemn music of thy chime
 On hearts in slumber bound ?

VIII

Is it because thou art a Church, to tell
 How fast the end of all things comes along,
 And, though men hear thee not, thy voice doth swell
 Each night more clear and strong :

IX

Content the few that watch should hear, and feel
 Secure their Mother doth not, cannot sleep ;
 And, as they hear, the gracious dew doth steal
 Into their soul more deep.

X

Or some young heart, that hath been kept awake
 By chance, or by his guardian angel's skill,
 Some serious thoughts unto himself may take
 From sounds so dread and still.

XI

If there be none to hear, no hymn of praise,
 Or voice of prayer, to join thy chant be given,
 There is no sleep above, and thou mayest raise
 Thy patient chimes to Heaven.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814-63).

ABSENCE FROM OXFORD

I

FAIR City ! that so long hast been my home !
 When from thy quiet places I depart
 By far-off hills and river banks to roam,
 I bear thy name about upon my heart.
 City of glorious towers ! whene'er I feel
 The world's rude coldness o'er my spirit steal,
 Then dost thou rise to view ; thine elmy groves
 Vocal with hymns of praise, thine old grey halls,
 Where the wan sun of autumn sweetest falls,
 Yon hill-side wood the nightingale so loves,
 Thy rivers twain, of gentle foot, that pass,
 Fed from a hundred willow-girded wells,
 Through the rich meadowlands of long green grass,
 To the loud tunes of all thy convent-bells !

II

Thus have I carried thee all England through,
 A resting-place for my world-wearied eye,
 The sunset spot in this dull evening sky,
 The streak of gold that bounds the twilight view !
 And I have felt far off in many an hour
 That absent city's soul-restraining power,
 Like scents from Eden freighted with a charm
 For tearful eyes and foreheads worn and pale.
 As he who dwells upon some moorland farm,
 Far in the windings of a mountain-vale,
 Feels that he is not lonely, when at even
 He journeys homeward from his toil, and sees
 The distant village from among the trees,
 Breathing its faint blue curls of smoke to Heaven.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814-63).

THE BEGINNING OF TERM

DEAR City ! far in hollow hills,
And kept awake by flooded rills,
This night I hear the many feet
That pace thy steeple-shadowed street,
The tide of youth in merry going
Beneath the college windows flowing :
And strange, most strange it seems to me
At such an hour far off to be.
I miss the evening thronged with greeting,
The tumult of the autumnal meeting,
When every face is fresh of hue,
As though its life began anew.
I almost wonder not to hear
Some chosen voices speaking near.
My very hand the air doth grasp
In pressure kind or burning clasp :
While with a pleasant, solemn strain
The chapel bell wakes up again.
And still to my believing eyes
St. Mary's shadow seems to rise,
All gently cast o'er every sense
With its old wonted influence,
Wherewith it hallowed many a night
My ramblings in the cold moonlight ;
And thrills of joy and thoughts of good
Were deepened by its neighbourhood.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814-63).

THE ISIS

I

EARLY one twilight morn I sought
 A favourite woodland shade,
 A place where out of idleness
 Some profit might be made.

II

The voices of the little birds
 Were musical and loud,
 Buried among the twinkling leaves,
 A merry, merry crowd.

III

But when the gallant sun rode up
 Into his own broad sky,
 The very wood itself did seem
 Alive with melody.

IV

And there the golden city lay
 Safe in her leafy nest,
 And softly on her clustering towers
 The blush of dawn did rest.

V

Onward for many and many a mile,
 Through fields that lay below,
 Old Isis, with his glassy stream,
 Came pleasantly and slow.

VI

The spring with blossoms rich and fair
 Had fringed the river's edge,
 Pale Mayflowers, and wild hyacinths,
 And spears of tall green sedge.

VII

The ripple on the flowery marge
A pleasant sound did yield,
And pleasant was the wind that waved
The long grass in the field.

VIII

And there is something in a stream
That fascinates the eye,
A charm in that eternal flow
That ever glideth by.

IX

For still by river-sides the hours
Will often lapse away,
Till evening almost seems to steal
A march upon the day.

X

So should it be with Man's career :
Each hour a duty find,
And not a stone be there to check
The current of the mind.

XI

The path of duty, like the stream,
Hath flowers that round it bloom.
The thicker and the lovelier
The nearer to the tomb.

XII

And, ah ! the best and purest life
Is that which passes slow,
And yet withal so evenly
We do not feel it go.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814-63).

OXFORD IN SPRING

‘*Templa quam dilecta!*’

I

HOW gentle are the days that bring
The promise of the faithful year,
Sweet early pledges of the spring,
Sweetest while winter still is near ;
Like thoughts in time of sorrow given,
Filling the heart with glowing types of Heaven !

II

The little buds upon the thorn
Are peeping from their pale green hood ;
Pink rows of almond-flowers adorn
With many a gem the leafless wood,
And gaily on the vernal breeze
Dance the light tassels of the hazel-trees.

III

The early rose is blushing sweet
In yonder sunny sheltered place,
Where spring and winter seem to meet
And blend with wild fantastic grace,
And under skies of coldest blue
The crocus fills her yellow cup with dew.

IV

The sun shines on the city walls,
The meadows fair, and elmy woods,
And o'er her grey and time-stained halls
A quiet studious spirit broods.
O when shall faith be free to come
And find within these stately aisles a home ?

V

Thy timeworn bounds a precinct give
Where forms of ancient mould might stay,
Enduring truths that would outlive
The jarring systems of a day ;
And then with men of evil will
How calmly mightst thou sit, and fearless still !

VI

For now, when all things round are bright,
Those voiceless towers so tranquil seem,
And yet so solemn in their might,
A loving heart could almost deem
That they themselves might conscious be
That they were filled with immortality !

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814-63).

OXFORD IN WINTER

I

CITY of wildest sunsets, which do pile
 Their dark-red castles on that woody brow !
 Fair as thou art in summer's moonlight smile,
 There are a hundred cities fair as thou.
 But still with thee alone all seasons round
 Beauty and change in their own right abound.

II

Whole winter days swift rainy lights descend,
 Ride o'er the plain upon the swelling breeze,
 And in a momentary brightness blend
 Walls, towers, and flooded fields, and leafless trees ;
 Lights of such glory as may not be seen
 In the deep northern vales and mountains green.

III

Coy city, that doth swathe thy summer self
 In willow lines and elmy avenue,
 Each winter comes, and brings some hidden pelf,
 Buttress or Cross or gable out to view :
 While his thin sunlight frugal lustre sheds
 On the straight streams and yellow osier beds.

IV

But thy main glory is that winter wood,
 With its dead fern and holly's Christmas green,
 And mosses pale, and trees that have not strewed
 Their withered leaves, which yet perchance are seen
 Struggling to reach the spring, as though for them
 New sap would rise from out the grateful stem.

V

A wood in winter is a goodly sight,
 With branch and trunk and whitely-withered weed :
 Chiefly a wood like this, where many a night
 In Stuart times the cavalier's fast steed
 Spurned the dry leaves through all the rustling copse,
 And waked the cushat in the oak-tree tops.

VI

O Bagley ! thou art fair at break of day,
 When freshest incense breathes from waking flowers,
 Fair when the songless noon hath come to lay
 Her spell of sylvan silence on thy bowers ;
 But night is thine enchantment, magic night,
 When all is vast, and strange, and dusky bright :

VII

The winter night, when, as a welcome boon,
 Down giant stems the stealthy beams may glide,
 And the stray sheep lie sleeping in the moon,
 With their own fairy shadows at their side ;
 While through the frosty night-air every tower
 In Abingdon and Oxford tolls the hour.

VIII

Yea, on a poet's word, good men should go,
 And up and down thy lurking valleys climb ;
 Thy faded woodlands, thy fair withered show,
 Are sweet to see ; and at cathedral time
 'Tis sweet on some wild afternoon to hear,
 Far off, those loud complaining bells brought near.

IX

They may have sadness, too, whene'er the wind
 Keeps moaning here and there about the woods ;
 And fear may track their homeward steps behind
 Along the moated path and reedy floods ;
 For in the stream the moon's white image rides,
 And, as they change, she also changeth sides.

X

Why is it, city of all seasons ! why—
 So few have homes where there are homes so fair ?
 They come and go : it is thy destiny,
 Which for its very greatness thou must bear,
 To be a nation's heart, thou city dear !
 Sending the young blood from thee every year.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814-63).

*THE CHERWELL**A Descriptive Poem*

SWEET inland Brook ! which at all hours,
 Imprisoned in a belt of flowers,
 Art drawing without song or sound
 Thy salient springs, for Oxford bound,
 Was ever lapse so calm as thine,
 Or water-meadows half so green,
 Or weeping weeds so long to twine
 With threads of crystal stream between ?
 Inglorious River ! I will be
 A laureate, self-elect, for thee.

The quiet of this uncut field
Fit room for minstrel-craft may yield ;
And with my skiff beneath this bower,
Thatched o'er with luscious elder-flower,
No sound but my own murmur shall
The local silence disenthral,
Save when a coot at times may pass
Between the blades of milky grass,
Or with a momentary splash
A rat between the tree-roots dash,
Or, drowsy music ! sedge-stalks grind
On one another in the wind.
And thus to make his verse more free
The river shall accompany
The poet's voice, while up on high
To their bright congress in the sky
The stars are trooping one by one,
Though Chiltern still detains the moon
To silver all his chalky side,
And o'er that sea of beech-wood ride.

O silent Cherwell ! once wert thou
A minstrel river ; thou didst flow
Gently as now, but all along
Was heard that sweet itinerant song,
Which thou hadst learnt in coming down
From the rich slope of Helidon,
The green-capped hill that overlooks
Fair Warwick's deep and shady brooks,
And blithe Northampton's meadow-nooks.

Tamest of Counties ! with a dower
Of humblest beauty rich, a power
Only by quiet minds obeyed,
And by the restless spurned,—scant shade,
And ruddy fallow, and mid these
Rare meadows, foliage-framed, which please
The leisure-loving heart, and line
Where the slow-footed rivers shine,
Upon whose reedy waters swim
The roving sea-birds, on the brim
Of flooded Nenna, in a fleet
With a golden lustre lit,
What time the short autumnal day
Sets o'er the tower of Fotheringay.
Not with the wild and echoing mountains,
Helvellyn's lone cloud-suckled fountains,
Or Langdale's trickling cliffs, or wells
Heath-hidden on Blencathra's fells,
Claimest thou kindred ; simple birth
Art thou, a thing of common earth !
A spot more verdant than the rest
Discerned upon the hoof-marked breast
Of modest pasture, mid the haunts
Of men and cattle, to their wants
Endeared,—there was thy cradle laid
And not unsoothed by music, made
In the clear spring, a prelude sweet
To the artful strains and tinkling falls
Wherewith thy swollen streams should greet
Fair Isis under Oxford's walls.

Yes, thou wert tuneful once : that day
Be witness, when the rivers lay

To their own praises proudly listening,
And Chiltern's son, the boyish Thame,
To wed the Lady Isis came,

With his white marly waters glistening,
Thou sang'st the bridal hymn, and all,
The nimble Churn with sliding fall,
The linkèd streams of Coln and Leech,
And Yenload's darkling forest-reach,
And Windrush, and all Cotswold springs,
Praised thee with blithest murmurings,
Praised thee and thy most tuneful air,
From flowery-meadowed Cisseter,
To where the tower of Iffley looks
Intent on Bagley's greenwood nooks.

O many an evening have I been
Entranced upon that glorious scene,
When silent thought hath proved too strong
For utterance in tranquil song.
There intermingling with the trees
The city rose in terraces
Of radiant buildings, backed with towers
And dusky folds of elm-tree bowers.
St. Mary's watchmen, mute and old,
Each rooted to a buttress bold,
From out their lofty niche looked down
Upon the calm monastic town,
Upon the single glistening dome,
And princely Wykeham's convent home

And the twin minarets that spring
Like buoyant arrows taking wing,
And square in Moorish fashion wrought
As though from old Granada brought,
And that famed street, whose goodly show
In double crescent lies below,
And Bodley's court, and chestnut bower
That overhangs the garden wall,
And sheds all day white flakes of flower
From off its quiet coronal.
Methinks I see it at this hour,—
How silently the blossoms fall!

Strange scene it is which they behold,
Those watchmen on St. Mary's pile,
Who see the noiseless moonlight smile
On spires and pinnacles untold,
Whose ranks may baffle every eye
That vainly would their number know,
And roofs which rear the Cross on high
In grave and monitory show:—
Strange scene it is which mortal gaze
But rarely mounts on high to praise,
A region where for ever dwells
The tremulous throbbing of the bells,
Encircling every turret there
With close embrace of tuneful air,
While oft the very stones respire
With the deep anthems of the choir,—
A world above our world, a ground
Thus tenanted by form and sound,

A costly region, day and night
Laid open to angelic sight !

There, mid the shade scarce visible,
The suburb of the Holy Well
With low-browed Church doth seem to guard
The ancient city's northern ward ;
And barely might the eye discover,
Through the green umbrage stooping over,
The battlemented wall that bounds
The mitred Waynfleet's sumptuous grounds,
The sweet-brier court and cloistered way
And mimic glade where deer may stray,
And the two sunny angles where
The almond and the cypress are,
And, graceful three ! those brother trees
That meet and part with every breeze,
The birch that weeps upon the sward,
Yet with the plane-tree serves to guard
The light acacia's fluttering shade
In pearly pendants all arrayed.
And in the meadow-island there
As to the breeze the willows bare
Their silver sides, and wave about,
The practised eye may then find out,
Close-hidden, when the wind is still,
The weedy roof of Magdalen mill.

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FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814-63).

THE CHERWELL WATER-LILY

1

BRIGHT came the last departing gleam
To lonely Cherwell's silent stream,
And for a moment stayed to smile
On tall St. Mary's graceful pile.
But brighter still the glory stood
On Marston's scattered lines of wood.
The lights that through the leaves were sent,
Of gold and green were richly blent ;
Oh ! beautiful they were to see,
Gilding the trunk of many a tree,
Just ere the colours died away
In evening's meditative gray.
Sweet meadow-flowers were round me spread,
And many a budding birch-tree shed
 Its woodland perfume there ;
And from its pinkly-clustering boughs,
A fragrance mild the hawthorn throws
 Upon the tranquil air.
Deep rang St. Mary's stately chime
The holy hour of compline time,
And, as the solemn sounds I caught
Over the distant meadows brought,
I heard the raptured nightingale
Tell, from yon elmy grove, his tale
 Of melancholy love,
In thronging notes that seemed to fall
As faultless and as musical
 As angel strains above :—

So sweet, they cast on all things round
A spell of melody profound.
They charmed the river in its flowing,
They stayed the night-wind in its blowing.
They lulled the lily to her rest,
Upon the Cherwell's heaving breast.

2

How often doth a wildflower bring
Fancies and thoughts that seem to spring
From inmost depths of feeling !
Nay, often they have power to bless
With their uncultured loveliness,
And far into the aching breast
There goes a heavenly thought of rest
With their soft influence stealing.
How often, too, can ye unlock,
Dear Wildflowers ! with a gentle shock,
The wells of holy tears,
While somewhat of a Christian light
Breaks sweetly on the mourner's sight
To calm unquiet fears !
Ah ! surely such strange power is given
To lowly flowers, like dew, from heaven ;
For lessons oft by them are brought,
Deeper than mortal sage hath taught,
Lessons of wisdom pure, that rise
From some clear fountains in the skies !

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814-63).

COLLEGE CHAPEL

A SHADY seat by some cool mossy spring,
 Where solemn trees close round, and make a
 gloom,
 And faint and earthy smells, as from a tomb,
 Unworldly thoughts and quiet wishes bring :
 Such hast thou been to me each morn and eve ;
 Best loved when most thy call did interfere
 With schemes of toil or pleasure, that deceive
 And cheat young hearts ; for then thou mad'st me
 feel
 The holy Church more nigh, a thing to fear.
 Sometimes, all day with books, thoughts proud and
 wild
 Have risen, until I saw the sunbeams steal
 Through painted glass at evensong, and weave
 Their threefold tints upon the marble near,
 Faith, prayer, and love, the spirit of a child.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814-63).

COLLEGE LIBRARY

A CHURCHYARD with a cloister running round
 And quaint old effigies in act of prayer,
 And painted banners mouldering strangely there
 Where mitred prelates and grave doctors sleep,
 Memorials of a consecrated ground !
 Such is this antique room, a haunted place
 Where dead men's spirits come, and angels keep
 Long hours of watch with wings in silence furled.

Early and late have I kept vigil here:
And I have seen the moonlight shadows trace
Dim glories on the missal's blue and gold,
The work of my scholastic sires, that told
Of quiet ages men call dark and drear,
For Faith's soft light is darkness to the world.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814-63).

FROM CHRIST-CHURCH MEADOW

ONE day, the college chapel ended,
All pagan books I put away
In sign of Christian holy-day,
And through the sunny streets I wended.
I walked within a meadow, where
The willow tops were burnished fair
With cold November's windy gleams,
And watched two green and earthy streams
Along the white frost-beaded grass
With their leaf-laden waters pass.

And bright rose the towers
Through the half-stripped bowers,
And the sun on the windows danced :
The churches looked white
In the morning light,
And the gilded crosses glanced.
Methought as I gazed on yon holy pile,
Statue and moulding and buttress bold
Seemed pencilled with flame, and burning the while
Like the shapes in a furnace of molten gold.

As the fire sank down or glowed anew,
The fretted stones of the fabric grew
So thin that the eye might pierce them through,
Till statue and moulding and buttress bold,
And each well-known figure and carving old,
Peeled off from their place in the turret hoar,
Like the winter bark from a sycamore,
And dropped away as the misty vest
That morning strips from the mountain's breast :
And as the earthly building fell,
 That was so old and strong,
Clear glowed the Church Invisible
 Which had been veiled so long.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814-63).

COLLEGE GARDEN

SACRED to early morn and evening hours,
Another chapel reared for other prayers,
And full of gifts, smells after noon-day showers,
When bright-eyed birds look out from leafy bowers,
And natural perfumes shed on midnight airs,
And bells and old church clocks and holy towers,
All heavenly images that cluster round.
The rose, and pink acacia, and green vine
Over the fretted wall together twine,
With creepers fair and many, woven up,
When Autumn comes, into a tapestry,
Richly discoloured, and inlaid for me
With golden thoughts, drunk from the dewy cup
Of morns and evenings spent in that dear ground !

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814-63).

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1838

OXFORD delighted me far beyond my expectations. If I may judge by the kindness with which I was treated, it quite as well deserves to be called a city of courtesy as of learning. Newman is the most monkish-looking man I ever saw—very dignified, very ascetical—and so very humble, and gentle in manner. . . .

I will not attempt a description of those marvellous chapels of Oxford. You must only imagine the most exquisite combination of stone cut into lacework, and enormous windows, every single pane of which is blushing ‘with blood of queens and kings’. . . . Newman’s reading is beautiful, a sort of melodious, plaintive, and rather quick half-chaunt. . . . He looks like a very young man made old by intense study. . . .

In perpetual quiet, Oxford I believe is the only city that resembles Rome; but Oxford has one great advantage to compensate for its comparative smallness, in that extreme cleanliness, and an air of mutual courtesy and self-respect in which Rome is sadly deficient.

AUBREY DE VERE¹ (1814–1902).

WORDSWORTH AND THE COLERIDGES

IT was on a bright morning in June, 1852, that I left London for my second visit to Oxford. The fifty miles journey was made in little over an

¹ Of Curragh Chase, Kildare.

hour, and soon afterward I was comfortably quartered at the quaint old inn, 'The Mitre.'

I found the streets well filled; it was term-time and the undergraduates, as well as the fellows, and other university men were everywhere to be seen; their caps and gowns, which by rigid law they are compelled to wear, adding much to the quaint old-time look of the city.

Later in the afternoon I wandered from one college to another, entering the quadrangles, studying the architecture, and looking at the old statues of founders, many of them crumbling away under the gnawing tooth of time. The spire of St. Mary's I stood long to admire; it has just been almost completely rebuilt, one of the most beautiful spires in England, not lofty but of admirable proportions. The High Street, the noblest, perhaps, in Europe, with colleges and churches on either side, was the one along which I was walking. I reached Magdalen, and passing through the quadrangle came at length to the gardens, and the famous water-walk along the banks of the Cherwell. The noble trees formed a green archway. As I walked along I thought of the many to whom these sweet shades had brought peace, and with it elevation of mind.

The spire of St. Mary's we looked at long as we drew near to it in the evening light; the reflected glow of the western sky was upon it, tinting it with pale gold. It was in this church that Newman's

sermons were preached. . . . I enjoyed the quiet evening extremely ; it was yet another glimpse to me of the best household life of England, an experience of the sort from which an American traveller may gain a true knowledge of 'Our Old Home'.

ELLIS YARNALL¹ (1817-1905).

WORDSWORTH AND THE COLERIDGES

DURING a visit to Oxford in June of 1860, I witnessed a 'Commemoration'. . . .

On the Sunday morning of that Oxford visit we went to St. Mary's to hear the sermon to be preached before the University, the last of the Bampton Lectures for that year. . . .

It was eleven o'clock ; there was no service because in all the colleges there had been morning service at eight. A metrical psalm was exquisitely sung by the choristers present, and then the preacher read that admirable collocation of words, the ' bidding prayer '. It is a calling upon men to pray for the sovereign, for the nobility, for the magistrates, for the institutions of learning, for all, in short, who are in any way in authority, and for every earthly means through which blessings can come ; and then there is a giving of thanks for all the good which has flowed to men in times past, and for the great departed whose labours have blessed the world. . . .

On the Monday there was a visit to the Bodleian, where wonderful manuscripts were shown us, and where various portraits by Holbein looked down upon

¹ American man of letters.

us from the walls. I lunched with my kind host at St. John's on that Monday with a small party ; we had some of the old college plate—huge tankards of silver, and wine-coolers ; and the cheer was bountiful as well as scholastic. I should mention that our host, while he entertained us with university gossip, was briskly compounding the love cup. It proved a delicious beverage, and it contained the borage, which is, I believe, indispensable to give mystic significance to the draught. The tankard used for it was especially antique in form, and so heavy that the two handles had to be grasped to raise it to the lips. . . .

Eleven o'clock at length struck ; the great doors were thrown open, and 'God save the Queen', was given forth by the organ. First of all in the procession, as ranking all, came the Prince—a fair, slender boy. True, he was between eighteen and nineteen, but he had a very youthful look. . . . His face had a certain sweetness, a grave pensive expression. He smiled pleasantly as he bowed. . . . I fancied in him a certain repose or serenity befitting a royal personage. To me there was, at that time, a fascination about the youth. Doubtless it was the remembrance of the long line of kings from whom he has sprung, and there was something, too, in the thought of his tender years, and the cares which were by and by to come on him. . . .

The Vice-Chancellor took his seat, and the other dignitaries, all in grand costume, ranged themselves in their allotted places. Canon Stanley, as he then

was, afterward the famous Dean, was in professorial robes of scarlet, or black and scarlet. The first business of the day was the reading by the Vice-Chancellor of a Latin paper setting forth the especial claim or merit of the persons on whom degrees were to be conferred ; and then the proposing to the members of the University their names for approval or otherwise, ‘*Placetne vobis Domini Doctores ?*’ said he, addressing the Doctors present ; and then ‘*Placetne vobis Magistri ?*’ turning to two Masters of Arts who stood in cap and gown to figure that entire portion of the academic body. . . .

I have said little of Oxford as a whole, for I shrink from attempting to define its especial dignity and charm. Again and again I have been there, and each time, ‘smit with its splendour and its sweetness,’ I have felt envy of the men whose minds have been moulded under influences so peculiar and so enduring. I have experienced what Newman describes as the fascination which the very face and smile of a University possess, over those who come within its range. Oxford has indeed attractions quite indescribable ; and it would be well if more of our countrymen would seek to enter into the spirit of the place, and experience, as they assuredly would, its manifold impressiveness. . . .

Surely never was there a place that had such a subtle charm as that old city, sitting like some ancient sibyl among her deep, flowery meadows and embowering trees, with such a mystery of learning and wisdom in her musing eyes.

ELLIS YARNALL (1817-1905).

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD

NIGHT

FAINT from the bell the ghastly echoes fall,
That grates within the grey cathedral tower ;
Let me not enter through the portal tall,

Lest the strange spirit of the moonless hour
Should give a life to those pale people, who
Lie in their fretted niches, two and two—
Each with his head on pillowy stone reposed,
And his hands lifted, and his eyelids closed.

A cold and starless vapour, through the night,
Moves as the paleness of corruption passes
Over a corpse's features, like a light

That half illumines what it most effaces ;
The calm round water gazes on the sky,
Like the reflection of the lifeless eye
Of one who sleeps and dreams of being slain,
Struggling in frozen frenzy, and in vain.

From many a mouldering oriel, as to flout
Its pale, grave brow of ivy-tressèd stone,
Comes the incongruous laugh, and revel shout :—

Above, some solitary casement, thrown
Wide open to the wavering night wind,
Admits its chill—so deathful, yet so kind
Unto the fevered brow and fiery eye
Of one, whose night hour passeth sleeplessly.

Ye melancholy chambers ! I could shun
The darkness of your silence, with such fear,
As places where slow murder had been done.
How many noble spirits have died here,
Withering away in yearnings to aspire,
Gnawed by mocked hope—devoured by their own fire !
Methinks the grave must feel a colder bed
To spirits such as these, than unto common dead.

JOHN RUSKIN¹ (1819-1900).

ARROWS OF THE CHASE

From *Letters on Art*. 1859

ALL our colleges—though some of them simply designed—are yet richly built, never pinchingly. Pieces of princely costliness, every here and there, mingle among the simplicities or severities of the student's life. What practical need, for instance, have we at Christ Church of the beautiful fan-vaulting under which we ascend to dine ? We might have as easily achieved the eminence of our banquets under a plain vault. What need have the readers in the Bodleian of the ribbed traceries which decorate its external walls ? Yet, which of those readers would not think that learning was insulted by their removal ? And are there any of the students of Balliol devoid of gratitude for the kindly munificence of the man who gave them the beautiful sculptured brackets of their oriel window, when three massy projecting stones would have answered the purpose just as well ? In these and

¹ Christ Church, Slade Professor of Fine Art, Oxford.

also other regarded and pleasant portions of our colleges, we find always a wealthy and worthy completion of all appointed features, which I believe is not without strong, though untraced effect, on the minds of the younger scholars, giving them respect for the branches of learning which these buildings are intended to honour, and increasing, in a certain degree, that sense of the value of delicacy and accuracy which is the first condition of advance in those branches of learning themselves. . . .

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900).

CHRIST CHURCH CHOIR. 1836

From Praeterita.

OF important places and services for the Christian souls of England, the choir of Christ Church was at that epoch of English history virtually the seat of life. There remained in it the traditions of Saxon, Norman, Elizabethan, religion unbroken,—the memory of loyalty, the reality of learning, and, in nominal obedience at least, and in the heart of them with true docility, stood every morning, to be animated for the highest duties owed to their country, the noblest of English youth. . . .

The cathedral itself was an epitome of English history. Every stone, every pane of glass, every panel of woodwork, was true, and of its time,—not an accursed sham of architect's job. The first shrine of St. Frideswide had indeed been destroyed, and her body rent and scattered on the dust by the

Puritan ; but her second shrine was still beautiful in its kind,—most lovely English work both of heart and hand. The Norman vaults above were true English Norman ; bad and rude enough, but the best we could do with our own wits, and no French help. The roof was true Tudor,—grotesque, inventively constructive, delicately carved ; it, with the roof of the hall staircase, summing the builder's skill of the fifteenth century. . . .

For all that I saw, and was made to think, in that cathedral choir, I am most thankful to this day.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819–1900).

BALLIOL SCHOLARS

A REMEMBRANCE (1840–1843)

WITHIN the ancient College-gate I passed,
Looked round once more upon the well-known
square :

Change had been busy since I saw it last,
Replacing crumbled walls by new and fair ;
The old chapel gone—a roof of statelier show
Soared high—I wondered if it sees below
As pure heart-worship, as confiding prayer.

But though walls, chapel, garden, all are changed,
And through these courts quick generations fleet,
There are whom still I see round table ranged,
In chapel snowy-stoled for matins meet ;
Though many faces since have come and gone,
Changeless in memory these still live on,
A scholar brotherhood, high-souled, complete.

From old foundations where the nation rears
 Her darlings, come that flower of England's youth
And here, in latest teens, or riper years,
 Stood drinking in all nobleness and truth.
By streams of Isis 'twas a fervid time,
When zeal and young devotion held their prime,
 Whereof not unreceptive these in sooth.

The voice that weekly from St. Mary's spake,¹
 As from the unseen world oracular,
Strong as another Wesley, to re-wake
 The sluggish heart of England, near and far,
Voice so intense to win men, or repel,
Piercing yet tender, on these spirits fell,
 Making them other, higher than they were.

Foremost one stood, with forehead high and broad,²—
 Sculptor ne'er moulded grander dome of thought,—
Beneath it eyes dark-lusted rolled and glowed,
 Deep wells of feeling where the full soul wrought ;
Yet lithe of limb, and strong as shepherd boy,
He roamed the wastes and drank the mountain joy,
 To cool a heart too cruelly distraught.

The voice that from St. Mary's thrilled the hour,
 He could not choose but let it in, though loath ;
Yet a far other voice with earlier power³
 Had touched his soul and won his first heart-troth,
In school-days heard, not far from Avon's stream⁴ :
Anon there dawned on him a wilder dream,
 Opening strange tracts of thought remote from both.

¹ John Henry (Cardinal) Newman. ² Arthur Hugh Clough.
³ Thomas Arnold, of Rugby. ⁴ Rugby.

All travail pangs of thought too soon he knew,
All currents felt, that shake these anxious years,
Striving to walk to tender conscience true,
And bear his load alone, nor vex his peers,
From these, alas ! too soon he moved apart,
Sorrowing they saw him go, with loyal heart,
Such heart as greatly loves, but more reveres.

Away o'er Highland Bens and glens, away
He roamed, rejoicing without let or bound.
And yearning still to vast America,
A simpler life, more freedom, sought, not found.
Now the world listens to his lone soul-songs ;
But he, for all its miseries and wrongs
Sad no more, sleeps beneath Italian ground.

Beside that elder scholar one there stood, ¹
On Sunday mornings 'mid the band white-stoled,
As deep of thought, but chastened more of mood,
Devout, affectionate, and humble-souled.
There as he stood in chapel, week by week,
Lines of deep feeling furrowing down his cheek,
Lent him, even then, an aspect strangely old.

Not from the great foundations of the land,
But from a wise and learnèd father's roof
His place he won amid that scholar band,
Where finest gifts of mind were put to proof ;
And if some things he missed which great schools teach,
More precious traits he kept, beyond their reach,—
Shy traits that rougher world had scared aloof.

¹ Constantine Pritchard.

Him early prophet souls of Oriel
A boy-companion to their converse drew,
And yet his thought was free and pondered well
All sides of truth, and gave to each its due.
O pure wise heart, and guileless as a child !
In thee, all jarring discords reconciled,
Knowledge and reverence undivided grew.

Ah me ! We dreamed it had been his to lead
The world by power of deeply-pondered books,
And lure a rash and hasty age to heed
Old truths set forth with fresh and winsome looks ;
But he those heights forsook for the low vale
And sober shades, where dwells misfortune pale,
And sorrow pines in unremembered nooks.

Where'er a lone one lay and had no friend,
A son of consolation there was he ;
And all life long there was no pain to tend,
No grief to solace, but his heart was free ;
And then, his years of pastoral service done,
And his long suffering meekly borne, he won
A grave of peace by England's southern sea.

More than all arguments in deep books stored,
Than any preacher's penetrative tone,
More than all music by rapt poet poured,
To have seen thy life, thy converse to have known,
Was witness for thy Lord—that thus to be
Humble, and true, and loving, like to thee—
This was worth living for, and this alone.

Fair-haired and tall, slim but of stately mien,
 Inheritor of a high poetic name,
 Another,¹ in the bright bloom of nineteen,
 Fresh from the pleasant fields of Eton came :
 Whate'er of beautiful, or poet sung,
 Or statesman uttered, round his memory clung ;
 Before him shone resplendent heights of fame.

With friends around the board, no wit so fine
 To wing the jest, the sparkling tale to tell ;
 Yet oft-times listening in St. Mary's shrine,
 Profounder moods upon his spirit fell :
 We heard him then, England has heard him since,
 Uphold the fallen, make the guilty wince,
 And the hushed senate has confessed the spell.

There too was one,² broad-browed, with open face,
 And frame for toil compacted—him with pride
 A school of Devon³ from a rural place
 Had sent to stand these chosen ones beside ;
 From childhood trained all hardness to endure,
 To love the things that noble are and pure,
 And think and do the truth, whate'er betide.

With strength for labour, ‘as the strength of ten,’
 To ceaseless toil he girt him night and day ;
 A native king and ruler among men,
 Ploughman or Premier, born to bear true sway ;

¹ John Duke Coleridge, afterwards Lord Chief Justice.

² Frederick Temple, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

³ Tiverton School.

Small or great duty never known to shirk,
He bounded joyously to sternest work,—
Less buoyant others turn to sport and play.

Comes brightly back one day—he had performed
Within the Schools some more than looked-for feat,
And friends and brother scholars round him swarmed
To give the day to gladness that was meet :
Forth to the fields we fared,—among the young
Green leaves and grass, his laugh the loudest rung ;
Beyond the rest his bound flew far and fleet.

All afternoon o'er Shotover's breezy heath
We ranged, through bush and brake instinct with
Spring,
The vernal dream-lights o'er the plains beneath
Trailed, overhead the skylarks carolling ;
Then home through evening-shadowed fields we went,
And filled our College rooms with merriment—
Pure joys, whose memory contains no sting.

And thou wast there that day, my earliest friend¹
In Oxford ! sharer of that joy the while !
Ah me, with what delightsome memories blend
“Thy pale calm face, thy strangely-soothing
smile”;
What hours come back, when, pacing College walks,
New knowledge dawned on us, or friendly talks
Inserted, long night-labours would beguile.

¹ J. Billingsly Seymour.

What strolls through meadows mown of fragrant hay
 On summer evenings by smooth Cherwell stream,
 When Homer's song, or chaunt from Shelley's lay,
 Added new splendour to the sunset gleam ;
 Or how, on calm of Sunday afternoon,
 Keble's low sweet voice to devout commune,
 And heavenward musings, would the hours redeem.

But when on crimson creeper o'er the wall
 Autumn his finger beautifully impressed,
 And came the third time, at October's call,
 Cheerily trooping to their rooms the rest,
 Filling them with glad greetings and young glee,
 His room alone was empty—henceforth we
 By his sweet fellowship no more were blest.

Too soon, too quickly from our longing sight,
 Fading he passed, and left us to deplore
 From all our Oxford day a lovely light
 Gone, which no after morning could restore.
 Through his own meadows Cherwell still wound on,
 And Thames by Eton fields as glorious shone—
 He who so loved them would come back no more.

Among that scholar band the youngest pair
 In hall and chapel side by side were seen,
 Each of high hopes and noble promise heir,
 But far in thought apart—a world between.
 The one¹ wide-welcomed for a father's fame,
 Entered with free bold step that seemed to claim
 Fame for himself, nor on another lean.

¹ Matthew Arnold.

So full of power, yet blithe and debonair,
Rallying his friends with pleasant banter gay,
Or half a-dream chaunting with jaunty air
Great words of Goethe, catch of Béranger.
We see the banter sparkle in his prose,
But knew not then the undertone that flows,
So calmly sad, through all his stately lay.

The other,¹ of an ancient name, erst dear
To Border Hills, though thence too long exiled,
In lore of Hellas scholar without peer,
Reared in grey halls on banks of Severn piled ;
Reserved he was, of few words and slow speech,
But dwelt strange power, that beyond words could
reach,
In that sweet face by no rude thought defiled.

Oft at the hour when round the board at wine,
Friends met, and others' talk flowed fast and free,
His listening silence and grave look benign
More than all speech made sweet society.
But when the rowers, on their rivals gaining,
Close on the goal bent, every sinew straining—
Then who more stout, more resolute than he ?

With that dear memory come back most of all
Calm days in Holy Week together spent :
The brightness of the Easter Festival
O'er all things streaming, as afield we went

¹ James Riddell.

Up Hinksey-vale, where gleamed the young primroses,
And happy children gathered them in posies,
 Of that glad season meet accompaniment.

Of that bright band already more than half
 Have passed beyond earth's longing and regret ;
The remnant, for grave thought or pleasant laugh,
 Can meet no more as once of old they met ;
Yet, O pure souls ! there are who still retain
Deep in their hearts the high ideal strain
 They heard with you, and never can forget.

To have passed with them the threshold of young life,
 Where the man meets, not yet absorbs the boy,
And, ere descending to the dusty strife,
 Gazed from clear heights of intellectual joy,
That an undying image left unshrined,
A sense of nobleness in human kind,
 Experience cannot dim; nor time destroy.

Since then, through all the jars of life's routine,
 All that down-drags the spirit's loftier mood,
I have been soothed by fellowship serene
 Of single souls with heaven's own light endued.
But look where'er I may—before, behind—
I have not found, nor now expect to find,
 Another such high-hearted brotherhood.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP¹ (1819-85).

¹ Balliol College, Professor of Poetry in Oxford; Principal of the United College in the University of St. Andrews.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH AT HARVARD

AND he our passing guest,
 Shy nature too, and stung with Life's unrest,
 Whom we too briefly had but could not hold,
 Who brought ripe Oxford's culture to our board,
 The Past's incalculable hoard,
 Mellowed by scutcheoned panes in cloisters old,
 Seclusions ivy-hushed, and pavements sweet
 With immemorial lisp of musing feet ;
 Young head time-tonsure, smoother than a friar's,
 Boy face, but grave with answerless desires.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL¹ (1819-91).

THE SCHOLAR-GIPSY

SCREENED is this nook o'er the high, half-reaped
 field,
 And here till sun-down, shepherd ! will I be.
 Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
 And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
 Pale blue convolvulus in tendrils creep ;
 And air-swept lindens yield
 Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed
 showers
 Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,
 And bower me from the August-sun with shade ;
 And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers.

¹ American poet, and ambassador to England.

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—

Come, let me read the oft-read tale again !

The story of that Oxford scholar poor,
Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,
Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door,

One summer-morn forsook

His friends, and went to learn the gipsy-lore,

And roamed the world with that wild brother-hood,

And came, as most men deemed, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

But once, years after, in the country-lanes,

Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,

Met him, and of his way of life enquired ;

Whereat he answered, that the gipsy-crew,

His mates, had arts to rule as they desired

The workings of men's brains,

And they can bind them to what thoughts they will.

' And I,' he said, ' the secrets of their art,

When fully learned, will to the world impart ;
But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill.'

This said, he left them, and returned no more.—

But rumours hung about the country-side,

That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,

In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,

The same the gipsies wore.

Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring ;

At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,

On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frocked boors
Had found him seated at their entering,

But, mid their drink and clatter, he would fly.
And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
 And put the shepherds, wanderer, on thy trace ;
And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks
 I ask if thou hast passed their quiet place ;
 Or in my boat I lie
Moored to the cool bank in the summer-heats,
 Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
 And watch the warm, grass-muffled Cumnor hills,
And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground !
Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,
 Returning home on summer-nights, have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
 Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
 As the punt's rope chops round ;
And leaning backward in a pensive dream,
 And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
 Plucked in shy fields and distant Wychwood
 bowers,
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream.

And then they land, and thou art seen no more !—
Maidens, who from the distant hamlets come
 To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,
Oft through the darkening field have seen thee
 roam,
 Or cross a style into the public way ;
 Oft thou hast given them store

Of flowers—the frail-leafed, white anemony,
Dark bluebells drenched with dews of summer
eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves—
But none hath words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wide fields of breezy
grass
Where black-winged swallows haunt the glittering
Thames
To bathe in the abandoned lasher pass
Have often passed thee near,
Sitting upon the river bank o'er grown ;
Marked thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air—
But, when they came from bathing, thou wast
gone !

At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,
Where at her open door the housewife darns,
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
Children, who early range these slopes and late
For cresses from the rills,
Have known thee eyeing, all an April-day,
The springing pastures and the feeding kine ;
And marked thee, when the stars come out and
shine,
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood—
 Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way
 Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you
 see
 With scarlet patches tagged and shreds of grey,
 Above the forest ground called Thessaly—
 The blackbird picking food
 Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all ;
 So often has he known thee past him stray,
 Rapt, twirling in thy hand a withered spray,
 And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.

And once in winter, on the causeway chill
 Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers
 go,
 Have I not passed thee on the wooden bridge
 Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,
 Thy face toward Hinksey and its wintry ridge ?
 And thou hast climbed the hill,
 And gained the white brow of the Cumner range ;
 Turned once to watch, while thick the snow-flakes
 fall,
 The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall—
 Then sought thy straw in some sequestered grange.

But what—I dream ! Two hundred years are flown
 Since first thy story rang through Oxford halls,
 And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe
 That thou wert wandered from the studious walls
 To learn strange arts, and join a gipsy tribe.
 And thou from earth art gone

Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid—
Some country-nook, where o'er thy unknown
grave

Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave,
Under a dark, red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

—No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours !
For what wears out the life of mortal men ?

'Tis that from change to change their being
rolls

'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls,
And numb the elastic powers.

Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,
And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,
To the just-pausing Genius we remit
Our well-worn life, and are—what we have been.

Thou hast not lived, why should'st thou perish,
so ?

Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire ;
Else wert thou long since numbered with the
dead !

Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire !
The generations of thy peers are fled,
And we ourselves shall go ;

But thou possessest an immortal lot,
And we imagine thee exempt from age,
And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,
Because thou hadst—what we, alas ! have not.

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,

Firm to their mark, not spent on other things ;
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
Which much to have tried, in much been baffled,
brings.

O life unlike to ours !

Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he
strives,

And each half lives a hundred different lives ;
Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from heaven ! and we,
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,

Who never deeply felt, nor clearly willed,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfilled ;

For whom each year we see

Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new ;

Who hesitate and falter life away,

And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—

Ah ! do not we, wanderer ! await it too ?

• • • • •

MATTHEW ARNOLD¹ (1822-88).

¹ Balliol College ; Professor of Poetry in Oxford.

THYRSIS

A Monody, *to commemorate the author's friend, ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, who died at Florence, 1861.*

HOW changed is here each spot man makes or
fills !

In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same ;
The village-street its haunted mansion lacks,
And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,
And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks—

Are ye too changed, ye hills ?
See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men
To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays !
Here came I often, often, in old days—
Thyrsis and I ; we still had Thyrsis then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,
Past the high wood, to where the elm-tree crowns
The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames ?
The signal-elm, that looks on IIsley Downs,
The Vale, the three lone wears, the youthful
Thames ?

This winter-eve is warm,
Humid the air ! leafless, yet soft as spring,
The tender purple spray on copse and briers !
And that sweet city with its dreaming spires,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening,

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night !—
Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power
Befalls me wandering through this upland dim.

Once passed I blindfold here, at any hour ;
Now seldom come I, since I came with him.
That single elm-tree bright
Against the west—I miss it ! is it gone ?
We prized it dearly ; while it stood, we said,
Our friend, the Gipsy-Scholar, was not dead ;
While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,
But once I knew each field, each flower, each
stick ;
And with the country folk acquaintance made
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.
Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assayed.
Ah me ! this many a year
My pipe is lost, my shepherd's-holiday !
Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart
Into the world and wave of men depart,
But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

It irked him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country yields,
He loved his mates ; but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lowered on the fields,
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.
Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop, and filled his
head.
He went ; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground.
He could not wait their passing, he is dead.

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden-walks, and all the grassy floor,
With blossoms red and white of fallen May
And chestnut-flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain, and tossing breeze ;
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I !

Too quick despainer, wherefore wilt thou go ?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow ;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

He hearkens not ! light comer, he is flown !
What matters it ? next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,
And scent of hay new-mown.
But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see ;
See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquered thee !

Well ! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,
Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour
In the old haunt, and find our tree-topped hill !
Who, if not I, for questing here hath power ?
I know the wood which hides the daffodil,
I know the Fyfield tree,
I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river-fields
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries ;

I know these slopes ; who knows them if not I ?
But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,
With thorns once studded, old, white blossomed
trees
Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried
High towered the spikes of purple orchises,
Hath since our day put by
The coronals of that forgotten time ;
Down each green bank hath gone the plough-boy's
team,
And only in the hidden brookside gleam
Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who by the boatman's door,
Above the locks, above the boating throng,
Unmoored our skiff when through the Wytham
flats,
Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among
And darting swallows and light water gnats,
We tracked the shy Thames shore ?

Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell
Of some boat passing heaved the river-grass,
Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass ?
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well !

Yes, thou art gone ! and round me too the night
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.
I see her veil draw soft across the day,
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with
grey ;
I feel her finger light
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train ;—
The foot less prompt to meet the morning
dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crushed, less quick to spring
again.

And long the way appears, which seemed so short
To the less practised eye of sanguine youth ;
And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,
Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare !
Unbreakable the fort
Of the long-battered world uplifts its wall ;
And strange and vain the earthly turmoil
grows,
And new and real the charm of thy repose,
And night as welcome as a friend would fall.

But hush ! the upland hath a sudden loss
Of quiet !—Look, adown the dusk hillside,
A troop of Oxford hunters going home,
As in old days, jovial and talking, ride !
From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they
come.

Quick ! let me fly, and cross
Into yon farther field !—”Tis done ; and see,
Backed by the sunset, which doth glorify
The orange and pale violet evening-sky,
Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree ! the Tree !

.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here !
Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,
Thyrsis ! in reach of sheep-bells is my home.
—Then through the great town’s harsh, heart-wearying roar
Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
To chase fatigue and fear :
Why faintest thou ? I wandered till I died.
Roam on ! The light we sought is shining still.
Dost thou ask proof ? Our tree yet crowns the hill,
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hillside.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-88).

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM, 1865

BEAUTIFUL city ! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene !

'There are our young barbarians, all at play !' And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side ?—nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic ! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines ! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties ! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in his incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him ;—the bondage of '*was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine !*' She will forgive me, even if I have unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or two aimed at her unworthy son ; for she is generous, and the cause in which I fight is, after all, hers. Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against

the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone ?

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-88).

OXFORD AND HER COLLEGES

TO gain a view of Oxford from a central point, we mount to the top of the Radcliffe Library. We will hope that it is a fine summer day, that, as we come out upon the roof, the old city, with all its academical buildings lying among their gardens and groves, presents itself to view in its beauty, and that the sound of its bells, awakening the memories of the ages, is in the air. The city is seen lying on the spit of gravel between the Isis, as the Thames is here called, which is the scene of boat races, and the Cherwell, famed for water-lilies. . . .

To ancient founders of cities, a river for water-carriage and rich meads for kine were prime attractions. But beyond the flat we look to a lovely country, rolling and sylvan, from many points of which, Wytham, Hinksey, Bagley, Headington, Elsfield, Stow Wood, are charming views, nearer or more distant, of the city. . . . In Oxford the Middle Ages lingered long. Yon cupola of Christ Church is the work of Wren, yon towers of All Souls' are the work of a still later hand. The Headington stone, quickly growing black and crumbling, gives the buildings a false hue of antiquity. . . . Here are six centuries, if you choose to include the Norman castle, here are eight centuries, and, if you

choose to include certain Saxon remnants in Christ Church Cathedral, here are ten centuries, chronicled in stone. . . . Nowhere else in England, at all events, unless it be at the sister University, can the eye and mind feed upon so much antiquity, certainly not upon so much antique beauty, as on the spot where we stand. That all does not belong to the same remote antiquity adds to the interest and to the charm. This great home of learning, with its many architectures, has been handed from generation to generation, each generation making its own improvements, impressing its own tastes, embodying its own tendencies, down to the present hour.

The buildings stand, to mark by their varying architecture the succession of the changeful centuries through which the University has passed. In the Libraries are the monuments of the successive generations of learning. . . .

Hither they thronged, century after century, in the costume and with the equipments of their times, from mediæval abbey, grange, and hall, from Tudor manor-house and homestead, from mansion, rectory, and commercial city of a later day, bearing with them the hopes and affections of numberless homes. . . . Youthful effort, ambition, aspiration, hope, College character and friendship have no artist to paint them, —at least as yet they have had none. But whatever of poetry belongs to them is present in full measure here.

GOLDWIN SMITH¹ (1823–1910).

¹ Balliol College; Professor of History at Oxford (1858), a Canadian since 1871.

*ODE TO THE EARL OF DERBY ON HIS
INSTALLATION AS CHANCELLOR OF THE
UNIVERSITY, JUNE 1, 1853*

I HAD been thinking of the antique masque
Before high peers and peeresses at Court,
Of the strong gracefulness of Milton's task,
'Rare Ben's' gigantic sport—

Those delicate creations, full of strange
And perilous stuff, wherein the silver flood
And crownèd city suffered human change
Like things of flesh and blood.

And I was longing for a hand like those
Somewhere in bower of learning's fine retreat,
That it might fling immortally one rose
At Stanley's honoured feet.

Fair as that woman whom the Prophet old
In Ardath met, lamenting for her dead,
With sackcloth cast above the tiar of gold
And ashes on her head.

Methought I met a lady yester-even ;
A passionless grief, that had not tear nor wail,
Sat on her pure proud face, that gleamed to Heaven
White as a moonlit sail.

She spake, 'On this pale brow are looks of youth,
Yet angels, listening on the argent floor,
Know that these lips have been proclaiming truth
Nine hundred years and more.'

‘ And Isis knows what time-grey towers reared up,
Gardens and groves and cloistered halls are mine,
Where quaff my sons from many a myrrhine cup
Draughts of ambrosial wine.

‘ He knows how night by night my lamps are lit,
How day by day my bells are ringing clear,
Mother of ancient lore, and Attic wit,
And discipline severe.

‘ It may be long ago my dizzied brain
Enchanted swam beneath Rome’s wondrous spell,
Till like light tinctured by the painted pane
Thought in *her* colours fell.

‘ Yet when the great old tongue with strong effect
Woke from its sepulchre across the sea,
The subtler spell of Grecian intellect
Worked mightily in me.

‘ Time passed—my groves were full of warlike stirs ;
The student’s heart was with the merry spears,
Or keeping measure to the clanking spurs
Of Rupert’s Cavaliers.

‘ All those long ages, like a holy mother,
I reared my children to a lore sublime,
Picking up fairer shells than any other
Along the shores of Time.

' And must I speak at last of sensual sleep,
 The dull forgetfulness of aimless years ?
 Oh, let me turn away my head, and weep
 Than Rachel's bitterer tears—

Tears for the passionate hearts I might have won,
 Tears for the age with which I might have striven,
 Tears for a hundred years of work undone,
 Crying like blood to Heaven.

' I have repented—and my glorious name
 Stands scutcheoned round with blazonry more
 bright.

The withered rod, the emblem of my shame,
 Bloomed blossoms in a night.

' And I have led my children on steep mountains,
 By fine attraction of my spirit brought
 Up to the dark inexplicable fountains
 That are the springs of thought.

' Led them, where on the old poetic shore
 The flowers that change not with the changing moon
 Breathe round young hearts, as breathes the sycamore
 About the bees in June.

' And I will bear them, as on eagle wings,
 To leave them bowed before the sapphire throne,
 High o'er the haunts, where dying pleasure sings
 With sweet and swanlike tone.

' And I will lead the age's great expansions,
 Progressive circles toward thought's Sabbath rest,
 And point beyond them to the many mansions
 Where Christ is with the blest.

' Am I not pledged who gave my bridal ring
 To that old man heroic, strong, and true,
 Whose grey-haired virtue was a nobler thing
 Than even Waterloo ?

' Surely that spousal morn my chosen ones
 Felt their hearts moving to mysterious calls,
 And the old pictures of my sainted sons
 Looked brighter from the walls.

' He sleeps at last; no wind's tempestuous breath
 Played a dead march upon the moaning pillow,
 What time God's angel visited with death
 The old Field-Marshal's pillow.

' There was no omen of a great disaster
 Where castled Walmer stands beside the shore ;
 The evening clouds, like pillared alabaster,
 Hung huge and silent o'er.

' The moon in brightness walked the fleecy rack,
 Walked up and down among the starry fires ;
 Heaven's great cathedral was not hung with black
 Up to its topmost spires.

- ‘ But mine own Isis kept a solemn chiming,
 A silver *requiescat* all night long,
 And mine own trees with all their leaves were timing
 The sorrow of the song.
- ‘ And through mine angel-haunted aisles of beauty,
 From the grand organs gushed a music dim,
 Lauds for a champion who had done his duty,
 I knew they were for *him* !
- ‘ But night is fading—I must deck my hair
 For the high pageant of the gladsome morn ;
 I would not meet my chosen Stanley there
 In sorrow, or in scorn.
- ‘ I know him nobler than his noble blood,
 Seeking for wisdom as the earth’s best pearl,
 And bring my brightest jewelry to stud
 The baldric of mine Earl.
- ‘ I, and my children, with our fairest gift,
 With song will meet him, and with music’s swell ;
 The coronal a king might love to lift,
 It will beseem him well.
- ‘ And when the influx of the perilous fight
 Shall be around us as a troubled sea,
 He will remember, like a red-cross knight,
 God, and this day, and me.’

WILLIAM ALEXANDER¹ (1824—).

¹ Exeter College, Oxford, poet, archbishop of Armagh.

THE NEW ATLANTIS

O F forms they talked that rose, as if in joy,
 Like magic isles from an enchanted foam ;
 They prophesied (no prophet like a boy !)
 Some fairer Oxford and some freer Rome,—

An Oxford of a more majestic growth—
 A Rome that sheds no blood, and makes no slave—
 The perfect flower and quintessence of both,
 More reverent science, faith by far more brave.

Faith should have broader brow and bolder eye,
 Science sing ‘Angelus’ at close of day ;
 Faith have more liberal and lucent sky,
 And science end by learning how to pray.

On the next eve, beside our glorious river,
 Forth from the throng I walked among the trees,
 The rustle of whose leaves keeps time for ever
 To holy bells of ancient colleges.

‘I will do justice to this place’, I cried,
 ‘Endow it with imaginative gleam,
 And let its outward frame be glorified
 With something of the glory of my dream.’

And aye let Science disenchant at will,
 And set her features free from passion’s trace,
 A new enchantment waits upon her still
 New lights of passion fall upon her face.

And aye as Poesy is said to die,
Her resurrection comes. She doth create
New heaven, new earth, an ampler sea and sky
A fairer Nature, and a nobler fate.

• • • •
What high fulfilment hath thy vision found ?
What fair adventure hath thy fancy brought ?
With what rich wreaths is thy Utopia crowned ?
And what success hath fallen to thy thought ?

The thinkers and the workers walk apart
Upon the banks of Isis and of Cam.
The worker from the thing miscalled his heart
Casts forth like ice his morselled epigram.

The thinker owns of mere subjective worth
His thought, and piles his doubts like flakes of
snow,
And o'er a darkened universe sends forth
His feeble and immeasurable 'No'.
• • • •

Patience ! God's House of Light shall yet be built,
In years unthought of, to some unknown song ;
And from the fanes of Science shall her guilt
Pass like a cloud. How long ? O Lord, how long ?

When Faith shall grow a man, and Thought a child,
And that in us which thinks with that which feels
Shall everlasting be reconciled,
And that which questioneth with that which kneels.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER (1824-)

OXFORD IN THE LONG VACATION

IT is not in the tumult of term times that we can people the groves and cloisters of Oxford with the figures of that multifarious past which belongs to the University, or awaken into actual life the associations and memories attaching to them. Few places in the world are richer in treasures of this kind than the ancient city of King Alfred. Whatever is most romantic and interesting in religion, in history, or in literature, has its representative among the traditions of Oxford. Oxford in the Middle Ages, with its thirty thousand eager students hanging on the lips of some scholar of world-wide reputation ; Oxford at the Reformation, that central spot where the old world and the new lingered longest in each other's arms, like mother and child, so much alike and yet so different ; the Oxford of the Catholic reaction, where the young Elizabethan revivalists, Holt, and Arden, and Bryant, and Garnet, and Sherwin, wandered by the Isis and the Cherwell framing schemes for the restoration of religion and the deliverance of the fair Queen Mary ; the loyal and chivalrous Oxford of the Caroline epoch, the nursery of knights and gentlemen, with that curious and picturesque combination of the camp, court, and the cloister which it presented during the Great Rebellion ; the Oxford of the eighteenth century, still mindful of the King over the water, and still keeping alive, in an age of materialism and infidelity,

some sparks of that loftier and more generous sentiment which clings ever to a falling cause, and has never yet been seen in a more touching or more tender form than in the melancholy Stuart romance : ‘all these and more come flocking,’ as we think of Oxford reminiscences ; and to conjure up such visions before the mind’s eye, and to clothe with life, and movement, and beauty, the dry bones of such history, is what only can be done amid the silence and solitude of the vacation. This is what we mean by saying that the *genius loci* then speaks to us with a voice inaudible at other times, and that throwing off something of the muddy vesture of decay which normally encases us, our senses are then opened to other sights and sounds than those which are their daily food ; when ‘sweet and far’ from the remote past the poetry of the world begins to whisper to us ; and we find the heart beginning to beat and the eye beginning to fill under the influence of we know not what transcendent witchery. . . . The mere natural beauty of Oxford, and its character as the hereditary seat of learning, where literature has lived so long as to have acquired all the grace and the sweetness and the dignity which are the perquisites of ancient lineage, are sufficient by themselves to make it holy ground to every mind not absolutely deficient in the aesthetic and imaginative faculties. . . . But the real glory of summer is never seen in England, not, at all events, in the Midland Counties, before July. And fully to appreciate the wood and water, the hill and dale, the meadows and cornfields,

which form the sides and margin of the basin in which Oxford lies nestling among its gardens and spires, we must roam over them in the dog days, when the foliage is at its richest, when the corn is just beginning to yellow, and when the newly-mown meadows, as yet untrodden and unbrowsed, are more grateful to the eye and to the foot of the tired pedestrian than the choicest bed of flowers on which pastoral poet ever sat.

THOMAS EDWARD KEBBEL¹ (1826-).

OXFORD TORYISM

From *Lord Beaconsfield, and other Tory Memories* (1907).

HOW far is it allowable to talk of Oxford Toryism at the present day, when tramcars run down the High Street and over Magdalen Bridge, and the University is encircled by a cordon of upstart villas, against which the spires and the towers of churches and colleges rise up in silent and majestic protest, is perhaps a doubtful point. But when I was at Oxford, progress had not laid its profane claws upon the venerable home of loyalty, religion, and scholarship. . . . At Oxford there were two or three distinct types of Toryism, as probably there are still. There was the Tory by tradition, the man who, whatever opinions he held when he first came to Oxford, suc-

¹ Man of Letters, essayist, etc.

cumbed to its magic : the nameless spell which lurks among its groves and cloisters, its gardens and its halls, redolent of romance and poetry. This was a kind of Toryism which did not often find expression in words, or in the noisy arena of party-politics ; but it leavened the whole place, and even those whose conduct was not guided by it felt its influence, and tacitly and unconsciously acknowledged it.

In marked contrast with this variety was the old high and dry Tory, to whom 'Church and King' was a shibboleth, and who could with difficulty believe in any kind of excellence, moral, social, or political, divorced from the idea which it embodied. . . . Oxford has been called 'the home of lost causes'. I fail to see the justice of this description. The cause espoused by the Oxford movement of 1833 is so far from being a lost cause that, rightly understood, it has been victorious along the whole line. To appreciate the result one must be able, as I am, to remember the condition of the Church and the clergy, especially in the rural districts, as they were when Newman left the Church of England in despair, and as they are now. It is not all at once that the fruits of a great movement ploughing up soil which had lain fallow for a century, and disturbing settled opinions to which long habit and custom had given the force of principles, are visible on the surface. More than a whole generation was to pass away before the thorough transformation which the Church was destined to experience began to manifest itself, and even after the lapse of two more it is not yet complete. The

change has been so gradual as almost to escape notice. It has, of course, been accompanied by innovations and irregularities of so startling a character as to attract universal attention. But these are only the rocks which the stream encounters in its course, foaming and fretting round them so as to fix the gazer's eye, while its main current flows quietly and smoothly on, with scarce a trickle or a murmur to show us that it really moves. Lost causes may have come home to die at Oxford ; but the Anglo-Catholic cause is certainly not among them.

.
THOMAS EDWARD KEBBEL (1826-).

TO A SON JUST GOING TO OXFORD

I WON'T attempt to give you any advice on beginning your College career, for your own tact and good sense will be sure to guide you aright. The most important matter is of course the selection of your friends, for the friendships you make at Oxford are the friendships of your life. Do not therefore be in a hurry to become too intimate with any one in particular ; but watch and wait, so that your associates may be really gentlemen, men of honour, of a pure life, of high thoughts and noble purposes. Avoid, as you would poison, the rowdy, sporting, drinking set. The great object of your efforts must now be to obtain honours : but this will be hopeless, unless your associates are also engaged in the same

pursuit, for it is only with their habits and hours that yours can be made to harmonize.

Another thing I would strongly recommend you to do is to make a point of going regularly to chapel every morning, and never missing Church on Sundays. I myself used to go both to morning and evening prayers at Christ Church, though the latter were not obligatory, and I found the practice a great comfort and happiness.

THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA (1826-1902).

OXFORD OLD AND NEW

*An Address to Undergraduates in St. Mary's Church,
November 3, 1884.*

HOW did old Oxford, the Oxford of sixty years ago, as heard of from our predecessors, or of nearly forty years ago, as seen by such as he who is addressing you, differ from the Oxford of the present! It is hard to seize in a minute the points of contrast! yet they are real. They pertain to the features which separate mediæval life from modern. In form and tone there was then a dignity of manners, a decorum in dress and speech, and style, which were perhaps useless, yet were beautiful. But this was accompanied by a separation of classes, through the donnish *hauteur* of the elder men, which was as useless as it was repulsive. Much of the feudal air of a mediæval University still survived; something, we must confess, too, of the

feudal chivalry. The most remarkable characteristic of Oxford lay indeed in this. The University had not broken with the past. It was a survival of a previous century lingering into the present. Its very studies (even as improved by the influence of the old Oriel school) were a survival of the age of the Renaissance ; they were culture, not science ; the knowledge of language, not of fact ; of man's thoughts, not of nature's laws. The sympathy with classical ages formed a grand and robust type of mental character, but lacked the specialism and subdivision of knowledge upon which the progress of learning depends. Look at the magnificent schedule of lectures which now offers the opportunity of varied instruction to you students of the present ; and think of the time of our youth, when only about half-a-dozen professors lectured, and no combined system of collegiate teaching existed, when the range of study was as contracted as was the teaching power available for instruction in it. Oxford had at that time no consciousness of movement, no sympathy with the agitations of the nineteenth century then making themselves heard. It looked backwards, not forwards ; it had no faith in political progress, no sympathy with modern improvements. The mental atmosphere was wholly clerical. An institution strictly confined to the National Church, 'The Protestant Establishment', as it was then called in the Bidding Prayer read at the University sermons, it stretched forth no missionary exertion to extend the benefit of its education to Nonconformists. Not

appreciating the rising social and industrial forces already beginning to operate, it supposed that it could live unchanged through the deluge.

Let this suffice as hints to sketch out to you old Oxford. What modern Oxford is, you know. I want you now to consider by what influences or by what men the tone of the University has been changed ; its religious tone improved ; its eyes opened to a sense of movement and of work. What has spiritualized its Churchmanship, and thus sent forth into the Lord's harvest labourers of a wholly new spirit ? I shall restrict myself to the mention of two men only, who eminently have been the educational or religious agents in the change : viz., Dr. Arnold and Cardinal Newman. Through their work the breath of life passed over the valley of dry bones, and the bones lived.

Dr. Arnold, at the head of Rugby School, sent forth into Oxford a stream of young life ; a supply of young men filled with a sense of duty, of work, of religion, of progress. They exhibited perhaps an attitude of self-assurance, but they were as new blood poured into the decaying body. Dr. Arnold in truth christianized the public schools of England, and gave a new moral tone and aim to English education.

ADAM STOREY FARRAR¹ (1826-1905).

¹ Canon of Durham.

OXFORD (1887).

THE visitor who reaches Oxford by rail sees little, from the Great Western or North-Western stations, of the fragments of Osney and Rewley Abbeys. But on his way up the main road to the city he observes on the right the conical mound of earth raised by Alfred's dynasty as a fortress against the Danes ; and, as the Norman castle has nearly vanished, its appearance is not perhaps very different from what it was almost a thousand years ago. On reaching the High Street he sees the old city church of St. Martin's at the meeting of the 'four ways' called Carfax, and if church and tower seem to him low, let him remember that they were lowered in the fourteenth year of Edward III, because the citizens galled and annoyed the students from thence with arrows and stones. Not so long ago the curfew bell was still rung at the church at eight o'clock, and this was followed by the bell being tolled a number of times corresponding to the day of the month. On his right he looks down St. Aldate's, to the great Tom Gate of Christ Church, with Pembroke opposite. On the left he looks up Cornmarket to Robert Doyly's tower of St. Michael's on the line of the old wall, once next to Northgate and Bocardo Prison, which have vanished ; and this street leads on, past the Martyrs' Memorial at the end of St. Mary Magdalene Church, into the broad expanse of St. Giles's, between St. John's on the right and the University Galleries on the left.

Before him lies the High Street ; and, as he follows what Wordsworth calls ‘the stream-like windings of that glorious street’, he will see on his left Aldrich’s Church of All Saints ; and St. Mary’s, with the porch surmounted by Virgin and Child and crucifix, that cost Laud so dear ; and All Souls’, with the relief over the gateway representing the souls ascending from Purgatory, a reminiscence of Azincourt ; and Queen’s, where Henry V was educated ; and Edmund Hall, dear to Hearne ; and Magdalen, with Wolsey’s tower and the outer stone pulpit, once used on every anniversary of St. John the Baptist, when the whole place was covered with green shrubs. He will be struck by the number of spires and towers in Oxford, in contrast with Cambridge, for the two sisters are rather equal than alike. The view looking back from Magdalen Bridge is something to be seen on a summer evening, when the oolitic stone of the buildings lights up as the sunset is dying away and seems long to retain the parting glow. On the other side of the street as he returns are the New Schools and the massive strength of University. Thence he may turn down the narrow mediaeval lanes, such as Logic Lane, which guides him to the passage into Christ Church Meadow, between Merton and Corpus—Merton, with its fine chapel and tower and mediaeval library ; and Corpus, the College of the Renaissance, where above the gateway angels still bear the host. Opposite it are the fine creeping plants that cover Oriel chapel. Either by this way, or, still better, through the two quadrangles of Christ Church, and under the gate-

way of the Hall, he may pass into the meadow and see the Broad Walk, and the Isis covered with boats and barges, which Commemoration visitors remember so well. The Broad Walk was planted with elms after the Restoration ; but the elm barely lives two centuries, and the finest trees have passed away. On the Sunday evening before Commemoration this walk used to be crowded with visitors, and the authorities in their academic robes ; but late dinners have robbed Show Sunday of its open-air attractions. Christ Church Hall should be seen. It has many portraits, including those of Henry VIII and Wolsey. The Cardinal had a drooping eyelid, and is therefore only painted in side face, while Henry, who had large ears, is painted full face. There is a picture of Canning among those of other leaders in Church and State, ‘like a fox among bears,’ says Huber maliciously. On the other side again of the High he may pass through one of several openings into Broad Street, either by Edmund Hall into New College Lane, and so out where a little imaged niche in a house marks the site of Smithgate, or through the Turl by Lincoln and Exeter and Jesus, or between both on either side of St. Mary’s into the Radcliffe Square with its dome, and so through the Schools Quadrangle (on the right is King James’s Tower, with the five orders of architecture on its front), and on by the Sheldonian Theatre and out into Broad Street, once the deep city ditch where the martyrs were burnt in Mary’s time, just in front of the house of the Master of Balliol, which then had a square terrace of trees in front of

it, just as St. John's has at present. He may continue on his route between Trinity and Wadham, to see Keble College and the Parks ; and if he pauses on the way to enter Wadham Gardens, and look back from the great copper beech to the old grey buildings, it is a sight he will not soon forget. Some of the garden walls, especially at Wadham, are covered with the Cheddar pink, and with the yellow flowers of the Oxford ragwort . . . ; and John Henry Newman, as a freshman, used to watch the snapdragon on the walls of Trinity. Magdalen Meadow and the fields above Iffley Lock, and much of this part of the Thames Valley, are rich in spring with purple fritillary or snake's-head lily

I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river fields
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
And what sedged brooks are Thames' tributaries.

In the parks on the Cherwell, and in the water walk called Mesopotamia, the summer visitor will see beds of water lilies, on which Faber wrote a poem, and which the artist fondly carved on the bosses of the Latin chapel at Christ Church ; and along the stream, which encircles Magdalen Meadow, there are many shady refuges from the heat. Was it in a boat, floating under the trees of the Cherwell, or of the Isis, that in the dreamy weather of the golden afternoon Lewis Carroll told the children the tale of Alice in Wonderland ? And the naturalist, if he sits quiet for a little time, may see not a little of the life of the

'freeborn natives of the air', as Mr. Warde Fowler tells us in his *Year with the Birds*. In the earlier summer the side of Shotover shows from a long distance blue with wild hyacinths, 'the blue-bells trembling by the forest ways.' But it requires search to find the little blue-veined wild sorrel, the acid of which was once used to flavour our beer. Bagley Wood, now enclosed, used to show white with anemones from hill to river until May.

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CHARLES WILLIAM BOASE¹ (1828-95).

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF OXFORD

THE Oxford on which I looked for the first time as a boy of sixteen, in the summer of 1845, was that which was described by Matthew Arnold in one of the most beautiful prose passages which that great poet—to me the most sympathetic of all the singers who have lived in our time—has left behind him.

'Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce, intellectual life of our century, so serene!'

The real advantage indeed of a residence in Oxford, as it was from 1847 to 1850, consisted, it seems to me, almost wholly in the benefits one gained by the constant intercourse with men of ability about one's own age, or a little older. From the first moment I went

¹ Exeter College, historian, man of letters.

into residence I deliberately laid myself out to know as many of these as possible. It was not till long years afterwards that I read the words of that wisest of the children of men, Balthasar Gracian, 'Make teachers of your friends'; but I can most assuredly claim the merit of having been his unconscious disciple during all the time I spent on the banks of the Isis.

SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF¹ (1829-1906).

MANNING AND THE CATHOLIC REACTION

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN had poetical power of a high order, poetical power which is not fairly represented by what he has left in verse, good as some of that is, but which penetrated his whole being, and gave him, in conjunction with some other of his intellectual characteristics, a mastery over the English tongue, such as few in any age have been privileged to possess. In addition to all this he was a saint, and had that magical influence over others which has been often observed but never explained, but to which has been given the convenient epithet of 'the dæmonic'. This man, so peculiarly endowed, appeared in Oxford just at the right moment, when some one was wanted

¹ Balliol College, Indian Administrator; author of *Notes from a Diary*.

to incarnate in himself everything that had been most Oxonian since the outbreak of the great Civil War, before that citadel of ‘lost causes and impossible loyalties’ surrendered at discretion to the modern spirit in the later decades of the nineteenth century. We must go back to the Middle Ages to find the name of any teacher who exerted so extraordinary an influence as he did—an influence ever gradually increasing from 1833 till he retired to Littlemore ten years afterwards.

In the summer of 1845 it was the most natural thing in the world for a boy of sixteen, visiting Oxford for the first time, to walk out to Littlemore merely to see its church, and the very humble dwelling to which Newman had temporarily retired. That was the time which was so admirably described in 1885 by the Archbishop of Armagh, always happily inspired when he writes of his University :—

A city of young life astir for fame,
With generations each of three years' date—
The waters fleeting, yet the fount the same—
Where old age hardly enters thro' the gate.

Forty years since ! Thoughts now long over-blown
Had just begun to quicken in the germ.
We sat discussing subjects dimly known
One pleasant evening of the Summer Term.

So question came of all things new and old,
And how the Movement sped, and where should
lead ?
Some, peradventure, scorned, but more waxed bold,
And boldly flaunted their triumphant creed.

Grave grew the talk, and golden grew the gloom ;
The reason might be weak, the voice was strong.
Outside, by fits and starts from room to room,
Boy called to boy, like birds, in bursts of song.

• • • • •
And ‘Hail the hour’, they cried, ‘when each high
morn
England, at one, shall stand at the church gate,
And vesper bells o'er all the land be borne,
And Newman mould the Church, and Gladstone
stamp the State.’

By 1847 all this had changed, and the chances were that an eager youth who found himself then in Oxford would have been much more interested by Arthur Stanley’s sermons on the Apostolic Age, which were then being preached in St. Mary’s, than by any other ecclesiastical event of that time. For Arthur Stanley was the man who, by the publication of the *Life of Arnold*, began the new Liberal movement, which was to draw into it most of the best intelligence of the place even more completely than had been done by its predecessor.

SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF (1829-1906).

REMINISCENCES OF OXFORD

OXFORD IN THE THIRTIES

IT was said in those days that the approach to Oxford by the Henley road was the most beautiful in the world. Soon after passing Littlemore you came in sight of, and did not lose again, the sweet city with its dreaming spires, driven along a road now crowded and obscured with dwellings, open then to cornfields on the right, to uninclosed meadows on the left, with an unbroken view of the long line of towers, rising out of foliage less high and veiling than after sixty more years of growth to-day. At once, without suburban interval, you entered the finest quarter of the town, rolling under Magdalen Tower, and past the Magdalen elms, then in full unmutilated luxuriance, till the exquisite curves of the High Street opened on you, as you drew up at the Angel, or passed on to the Mitre and the Star.

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UNDERGRADUATES IN THE THIRTIES

Skip two or three more years, and we come to the period of Stanley, Matthew Arnold, Clough. Think of them walking among the Cumnor cowslips and the fritillaries of the Eynsham river side, bathing in the abandoned lasher, noting from Hinksey Hill on winter afternoons the far-off light of the windows in Christ Church Hall, mounting to the Glanvil elm, which yet stands out clear against the flaming sunset sky. Imagine the talk, now glad, now pensive, of their

still illusioned youth ; its poetry, speculation, criticism, Wordsworthian insight into nature, valiant optimism, rare communion of highest and most sacred thoughts—as one reads *Thyrsis* and *The Scholar Gypsy* airs from Paradise seem to breathe around one, airs which only Oxford could have inspired, only high natures such as theirs could have exhaled. I heard Stanley recite his *Gypsies* in the Theatre in 1837 ; the scene comes back to me as of yesterday—the crowded area, the ladies in their enormous bonnets ; handsome, stately Dr. Gilbert in the Vice-Chancellor's chair ; the pale, slight, weak-voiced, boyish figure in the rostrum ; the roar of cheers which greeted him. Clough, too, I knew ; read with him for half a year in his tiny Holywell lodging immediately after his election to Oriel, working the first hour in the morning, while he ate his frugal breakfast of dry bread and chocolate. It was his happy time, before his piping took a troubled sound ; his six golden Oxford graduate years of plain living and high thinking, of hopeful fight for freedom, of the rapturous Long Vacations in Wales, the Highlands, the English Lakes, summed up immortally in his *Bothie*.

OXFORD, 1900

Oxford is not, like Jerusalem, a buried city ; yet the Oxford of to-day is not the Oxford of the Thirties ; ever and again as I recall events and personages they need the background and the setting which enshrined them then, and is now impaired or swept away. The

dreaming spires of the sweet city show still from the Cumnor or the Rose Hill heights, as they showed to Matthew Arnold sixty years ago ; he could not now go on to say that ‘she lies steeped in sentiment, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age’, for the encroaching nineteenth century has dissolved that still removed charm! Tram lines mar to-day the ‘pontifical’ symmetry of Magdalen Bridge ; an intruding chasm breaks the perfect High Street curves ; St. Mary’s spire, tapering from its nest of pinnacles, has been twice deformed by restoration ; Vanbrugh’s quaint house in Broad Street is sacrificed to a stodgy Indian Institute ; Christ Church Meadow with its obstructed river banks tempts me to render railing for railing ; the Broad Walk veterans are disarrayed or fallen ; a vulgar and discordant pile has banished the civil-suited nymphs of Merton Grove : visiting extant Oxford, I should explore the venerable haunts, seek the ancient Termini, probe the mouldering associations of High and Broad, of Iffley Road, and Cowley Marsh, and Bullingdon all in vain, like Wordsworth’s old man wandering in quest of something. The change had begun when Arnold wept over Thyrsis’ urn ‘In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same’ ; it is far more devastating to-day.

In the early Thirties, then, railroads and enclosures had not girdled Oxford proper with a coarse suburban fringe. On the three approaches to the town, the Henley, Banbury, Abingdon Roads, it was cut off,

clear as a walled and gated Jericho, from the adjacent country. Only St. Clement's, sordid by day, by night oil-lighted, stretched from Magdalen Bridge to Harpsichord Row at the foot of Headington Hill, where had lately risen the hideous church known from its shape as the 'Roasted Hare'. The old church stood at the fork of the Headington and Iffley Roads, in it John Henry Newman served his first curacy under the octogenarian antiquary, John Gutch, Registrar of the University, editor of *Antony Wood*, author of *Collectanea Curiosa*. . . .

WILLIAM TUCKWELL¹ (1829-).

OXFORD FROM SHOTOVER STILE

'NOTHING remains but Beauty', he said, and
wearily sighing,
Sat upon Shotover stile, gazing on Oxford below,
Minaret-crowned St. Mary's, and Magdalen Tower,
and Merton,
Far-off jewels of light, fringed with a circle of shade,
Set in the shining floods. Oh ! not alone in the
sunshine
Fair ! yet fairer the faith, glory of men who believed,
Mother of noble works, which built them there in
the foretime,
Dreaming of God ; then woke, strong to a labour
divine.

¹ Fellow of New College, author of *Winchester fifty years ago*.

Strong with a magical skill, a noble army of builders,
Early afoot, with prayer carving their vision in
stone,
Flower of the field, and lily, and leaf, and traceried
window,
Endless vanishing lines, as when a forest is bare !
As when a forest is clothed, that arch ! that forest
of arches,
Mystical, echoing ! Hark ! Music of angels is
there,
Melody Magdalen-chanted ; afar it rose in the dis-
tance,
Bringing a prayer to the lip, bringing a tear to
the eye,
Borne on the breeze, or fancied. We sate. The city
illumined
Shone as a rose : night shades slowly beginning
to fall.
Ah, what a vision was there ! But then a vapour
ascending
Rose over turret and spire, crept over College and
Hall,
Death-white, all-enfolding. As when from marshy
Maremna,
Rises a poisonous breath, ghastly—inhale it and die !
'Look ! that is me ', he whispered, ' I had it once,
I am certain,
Once I had faith. But now ! Now there is mist
over all.'

ARTHUR GRAY BUTLER¹ (1831-1909).

¹ Fellow of Oriel College.

OXFORD TO LONDON

To G. J. GOSCHEN

O FRIEND, who, labouring for the State,
With sittings early, sittings late,
Dost gnaw thy soul with righteous anger
At party violence, party hate :

To see our Senate's old renown
'Mid faction's darkening surges drown,
And many a name of purer splendour
Setting, and like a star go down :

To hear the howl, the hiss, the cry,
The blatant taunt, the bandied lie,
Where, saved through laws that guarded order,
The friends of anarchy law defy.

To long—and scarce to deem it sin—
To see some Cromwell enter in,
And, England's mandate stern behind him,
For freedom's honour end discord's din.

Then come and quit the heated hall,
The strife, the mock division's call,
Come, and amid old friends at Oxford,
In peace and beauty, forget it all !

Come, and where breaks a softer ray
On walls with centuries sere and grey,
'Mid memories old as Saxon Alfred,
Refresh your heart with the heart of May !

In meads where couch the slumberous kine
With kingcup and with cowslip fine,

By many a College ivy-mantled,
Trellised with rose and eglantine;

Or lawns like emerald velvet laid
'Mid whispering cloisters' dim arcade;

And walks by student-dreamer trodden
Leafy and cool in their elm-trees' shade,

Or, sweeter still, arched boughs between,
To trace the twilight-glimmering scene,

The ghost-like city, steeple studded,
Slumbering grey in a mist of green.

Or listen while the throstle sings
Night's requiem, where, yet adding rings,

Millennial oaks bemock the aloe,
That once a century skyward springs.

Or follow, still by fancy led,
Where bells are ringing overhead;

Bells with their ceaseless chime in Oxford,
Voices to warn from the peaceful dead.

Or wander down an ancient street
Where mingling ages quaintly meet,

Pillar and pediment, dome and gable,
Mellowed by time to a picture sweet.

Or sit where saints have sat, and feel
Their calm across our spirits steal,

Their singleness, their depth of purpose:
Our lives seem shallower as we kneel.

Or stand in many a noble hall,
Where England's greatest deck the wall,
Prelate and statesman, prince and poet ;
Who hath an ear let him hear their call !

Or pace, remote from noisier throng,
Some shadowy corridor along,
And tread on tombs and waken echoes,
That bid the living be true and strong.

Or take the oar, and down the stream,
Silently floating like a dream,
People the wave with phantom races,
And hear the shout for the victor-team :

Thoughts of a past, a happier time,
When selfish aim seemed public crime,
And feel once more the pulses quicken
With generous heat of a genial prime.

Then, back returning, seek once more
The Babel city, the wordy war ;
Perchance a drooping cause to hearten,
Perchance its wavering ranks restore.

For still, though doubtful seems the fray,
And long the struggle and hard the way,
Yet lawless passion is self-destroying,
And coolness, courage, shall win the day.

AUTHOR GRAY BUTLER (1831-1909).

THE MASTER

THE wise, the good old Master, gone at last !
Loved for his open heart, his silver hair,
His pen that brought back Plato ! and a charm
That was his own, of presence and of power !
England is poorer. He had spent his life
In high communion with the great of yore ;
And passed as one who visits adverse shores,
Interpreter between two noble tongues,
From lands of young-eyed wisdom to a time
Old and perplexed : his work to call us back
To closer contact with simplicity,
And simpler utterance. He had grown old,
Through fifty years of Terms that flew as days,
In his old College ; yet had time no scar
Left on that forehead clear, capacious, calm,
In age still youthful as in youth once old,
Unwrinkled, like some smooth, broad-watered mere,
Content in its wide margin unperturbed
To mirror all the lights of sun and moon,
Nor envy stormier ocean. Here he lived
In this his loved, his larger Academe,
Sage, seer, friend, and teacher, all in one,
A moulding influence amid young and old,
Confessedly our greatest. With the Greek
He kept his balanced soul, nor joyed, nor grieved
Too much ; nor, stirred to ire with endless strife,
Chafed at life's limitations. One by one,
A wise old angler, carrying baits for all,
He snared the thoughtless student to his good,

Day-dreamers gaping after summer flies,
To thought and toil and spiritual aim ;
Which they, scarce knowing what the force that
moved

Magnetic, followed, indolently drawn
By that old man to labour for the world.
Thus he, a master angler, fished for men,
And smiling caught them. Yet—for well he knew
(Eternity is still the growth of time)
Youth will not till the field without the flower,
Nor, pricked by thorns too early, seek the crown—
He bade us, often pausing on the word,
Lest evil tare should choke the wholesome corn,
And growing to possession dwarf the soul,
To nurse ambition : wisdom from below
He termed it—happier could we choose the best !
But leading upward where all paths converge
To one high summit. Thus he bade us rise
To greatness, not the love of pelf or praise,
But noble greatness rightly understood,
Service of man the end, the crown of all,
Which only they, the chosen, reach at last,
Haply to stand on that high eminence,
Proud vantage-ground from which, where men are free,
The voice must speak that speaks to move a world.
Therein he spake true Master. Therefore now,
While fades the crimson on our aged walls,
And sadlier sings the robin from the grove,
We lay our spotless garland on his grave,
And say, There sleeps a memorable man,
Great in high gifts, but greater in their use,

Most great of all in that rare atmosphere,
 The indivisible personality
 Wherein he moved, thought, will, affection, all
 Life's elements commanding what he taught,
 Thirst of achievement, action, not of dreams,
 Save as an interval to nourish deeds ;
 With, as befits imperial citizens,
 Strong love of country, and high hope of man,
 And of the greater Future still unborn.

ARTHUR GRAY BUTLER (1831-1909).

OXFORD REVISITED, MAY 1883

MOTHER ! mild Mother ! after many years,
 So many that the head I bow turns grey,
 Come I once more to thee, thinking to say
 In what far lands, through what hard hopes and
 fears,
 'Mid how much toil and triumph, joys and tears,
 I taught thy teaching ; and, withal, to lay
 At thy kind feet such of my wreaths as may
 Seem least unworthy. But what grown child dares
 Offer thee honours, fair and queenly One !

Tower-crowned, and girdled with thy silver
 streams,

Mother of ah ! so many a better son ?

Let me but list thy solemn voice, which seems
 Like Christ's, raising my dead : and let me be
 Back for one hour—a boy—beside thy knee.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD¹ (1832-1904).

¹ University College, author of *The Light of Asia*.

TO AN UNKNOWN POET

DEAR friend, who, two long centuries ago,
Didst tread where since my grandsires trod,
Along thy devious Usk's untroubled flow,
Breathing thy soul to God.

I seek, I, born in these our later days,
Using the measure thou didst love,
With halting tribute of too hardy praise,
A poet throned above.

I in the self-same venerable halls
And grey quadrangles made my home,
Which heard, new-built, within their recent walls,
Thy youthful footsteps come.

A little greyer now and stiller grown,
The tranquil refuge now, as then,
Where our dear country glories in her own,
Apart from alien men.

There, on thy musings broke the painful sound
Of arms ; the long-plumed cavaliers
Clanged through the courts, the low fat fields around
Were filled with strife and tears.

Constrained by promptings of thy ancient race,
Thy gown and books thou flungst away,
To meet the sturdy Roundhead face to face
On many a hard-fought day,

Till thy soft soul grew sick, and thou didst turn
To our old hills ; and there, ere long,
Love for thy Amoret, at times, would burn
In some too fervid song.

But soon thy wilder pulses stayed ; and, life
Grown equable, thy sweet muse mild,
Sobered by tranquil love of child and wife,
Flowed pure and undefiled.

A humble healer thro' a life obscure,
Thou didst expend thy homely days ;
Sweet Swan of Usk ! few know how clear and
pure
Are thy unheeded lays.

One poet shall become a household name
Into the nation's heart ingrown ;
One more than equal miss the meed of fame,
And live and die unknown.

So thou, surviving in thy lonely age
All but thy own undying love
Didst pour upon the sympathetic page,
Words which all hearts can move ;

So quaintly fashioned as to add a grace
To the sweet fancies which they bear,
Even as a bronze delved from some ancient place
For very rust shows fair.

- ‘ They are all gone into the world of light ! ’¹
It is thy widowed muse that sings,
And then mounts upward from our dazzled sight
On heavenward soaring wings.
- ‘ He that hath found some fledged bird’s nest may
know
‘ At first sight if the bird be flown ;
‘ But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
‘ That is to him unknown.
- ‘ And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
‘ Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
‘ So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
‘ And into glory peep.
- ‘ O father of eternal life and all
‘ Created glories under Thee !
‘ Resume thy Spirit from this world of thrall
‘ Into true liberty.’
- Thou hast rejoined thy dear ones now, and art,
Dear soul, as then thou wouldest be, free.
I, still a prisoner, strive to do my part
In memory of thee.
- Thou art so high, and yet unknown : shall I
Repine that I too am obscure ?
Nay, what care I, though all my verse shall die,
If only it is pure ?

¹ From *Departed Friends* in ‘Silex Scintillans,’ by Henry Vaughan.

So some new singer of the days to be,
 Reading this page with soft young eyes,
 Shall note the tribute which I pay to thee
 With youth's sweet frank surprise.

And musing in himself, perchance shall say,
 ' Two bards whom centuries part are here—
 One whose high fame and name defy decay,
 And one who held him dear.'

SIR LEWIS MORRIS¹ (1832-1907).

THE LAST WALK FROM BOAR'S HILL
 To ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

I

ONE after one they go ; and glade and heath,
 Where once we walked with them, and garden-
 bowers
 They made so dear, are haunted by the hours
 Once musical of those who sleep beneath ;
 One after one does Sorrow's every wreath
 Bind closer you and me with funeral flowers,
 And love and memory from each loss of ours
 Forge conquering glaives to quell the conqueror Death.

Since Love and Memory now refuse to yield
 The friend with whom we walk through mead and field
 To-day as on that day when last we parted,
 Can he be dead, indeed, whatever seem ?
 Love shapes a presence out of Memory's dream,
 A living presence, Jowett golden-hearted.

¹ Jesus College, Oxford ; author of *The Epic of Hades*.

II

Can he be dead ? We walk through flowery ways
From Boar's Hill down to Oxford, fain to
know

What nugget-gold, in drift of Time's long flow,
The Bodleian mine hath stored from richer days ;
He, fresh as on that morn, with sparkling gaze,
 Hair bright as sunshine, white as moonlit snow,
Still talks of Plato while the scene below
Breaks gleaming through the veil of sunlit haze.

Can he be dead ? He shares our homeward walk,
And by the river you arrest the talk
 To see the sun transfigure ere he sets
The boatmen's children shining in the wherry
 And on the floating bridge the ply-rope wets,
Making the clumsy craft an angel's ferry.

III

The river crossed, we walk 'neath glowing skies
Through grass where cattle feed or stand and
stare
 With burnished coats, glassing the coloured air,
Fading as colour after colour dies :
We pass the copse ; we round the leafy rise,
 Start many a coney and partridge, hern and
hare :
We win the scholar's nest, his simple fare
Made royal-rich by welcome in his eyes.

Can he be dead ? His heart was drawn to you.
 Ah ! well that kindred heart within him knew
 The poet's heart of gold that gives the spell !
 Can he be dead ? Your heart being drawn to him,
 How shall ev'n Death make that dear presence dim
 For you who loved him, us who loved him well ?

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON¹ (1832-).

THE CHESTNUT-TREE AT BRASENOSE²

BLOOM on, thou relic of an earlier day,
 Compeer and comrade of those antique towers !
 Thy buds are open to the April showers,
 Thy leaves are still luxuriant in the May,
 Thy milk-white blossom shields June's sultry ray,
 And shines in mellow moonlight, till the hours
 Of Autumn strew the pathway with thy flowers :
 A walled woodland, fresh amid decay,
 Thou watchest here the learned and the wise,
 And folly hastening to its foolish end :
 Thou cloistered garden, orchard of the skies,
 Sweet home of singing birds, thou seem'st to blend
 Age that fulfils the promise of its prime,
 And youth that bears the heritage of time.

JOHN NICHOL³ (1833-94).

¹ Man of letters, novelist, poet.

² See footnote, p. 51.

³ Balliol College, Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow ; poet.

THE AIMS OF ART

LESS than forty years ago I first saw the city of Rouen, then still in its outward aspect a piece of the Middle Ages : no words can tell you how its mingled beauty, history, and romance took hold on me ; I can only say that, looking back on my past life, I find it was the greatest pleasure I have ever had : and now it is a pleasure which no one can ever have again : it is lost to the world for ever. At that time I was an undergraduate of Oxford. Though not so astounding, so romantic, or at first sight so mediæval as the Norman city, Oxford in those days still kept a great deal of its earlier loveliness : and the memory of its grey streets as they then were has been an abiding influence and pleasure in my life, and would be greater still if I could only forget what they are now—a matter of far more importance than the so-called learning of the place could have been to me in any case, but which, as it was, no one tried to teach me, and I did not try to learn.

WILLIAM MORRIS¹ (1834–96).

NEWS FROM NOWHERE

SUNSET was in the sky as we skirted Oxford by Oseney ; we stopped a minute or two hard by the ancient castle to put Henry Morsom ashore. It was a matter of course that so far as they could be seen

¹ Exeter College ; artist, poet, stained-glass designer.

from the river, I missed none of the towers and spires of that once don-beridden city ; but the meadows all round, which, when I had last passed through them, were getting daily more and more squalid, more and more impressed with the seal of the 'stir and intellectual life of the nineteenth century', were no longer intellectual, but had once again become as beautiful as they should be, and the little hill of Hinksey, with two or three very pretty stone houses new-grown on it (I use the word advisedly ; for they seemed to belong to it) looked down happily on the full streams and waving grass, grey now, but for the sunset, with its fast-ripening seeds.

WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-96).

JOHN INGLESANT : A ROMANCE

THE King returned to Oxford in December, and the Court was established at Christ Church College. There has perhaps never existed so curious a spectacle as Oxford presented during the residence of the King at the time of the Civil War. A city unique in itself became the resort of a Court under unique circumstances, and of an innumerable throng of people of every rank, disposition, and taste, under circumstances the most extraordinary and romantic. The ancient Colleges and Halls were thronged with ladies and courtiers, noblemen lodged in small attics over bakers' shops in the streets, soldiers were quartered in the College gates and in the kitchens ; yet, with all this

confusion, there was maintained both something of a courtly pomp, and something of a learned and religious society. The King dined and supped in public, and walked in state in Christ Church meadow and Merton gardens, and the grove of Trinity which the wits called Daphne. A Parliament sat from day to day ; service was sung daily in all the chapels ; books both of learning and poetry were printed in the city ; and the distinctions which the Colleges had to offer were conferred with pomp on the royal followers, as almost the only rewards the King had to bestow. Men of every opinion flocked to Oxford, and many foreigners came to visit the King. There existed in the country a large and highly intelligent body of moderate men who hovered between the two parties, and numbers of these were constantly in Oxford, Harrington the philosopher, the King's friend, Hobbes, Lord Falkland, the Lord Paget, the Lord Keeper, and many others.

Mixed up with these grave and studious persons, gay courtiers and gayer ladies jostled old and severe divines and College heads ; and crusty tutors used the sarcasms they had been wont to hurl at their pupils to reprove ladies whose conduct appeared to them at least far from decorous. Christmas interludes were enacted in Hall ; and Shakespeare's plays performed by the King's players, assisted by amateur performers ; and it would have been difficult to say whether the play was performed before the curtain or behind it, and whether the actors left their parts behind them when the performance was over, or then in fact resumed them. The groves and walks of the Colleges,

and especially Christ Church meadow and the grove at Trinity, were the resort of this gay and brilliant throng ; the woods were vocal with song and music, love and gallantry sported themselves along the pleasant river banks. The poets and wits vied with each other in classic conceits and parodies, wherein the events of the day and every individual incident were pourtrayed and satirized. Wit, learning, and religion joined hand in hand as in some grotesque and brilliant masque. The most admired poets and players and the most profound mathematicians became ‘romanticists’ and monks, and exhausted all their wit, poetry and learning in furthering their divine mission ; and finally, as the last scenes of this strange drama came on, fell fighting on some hardly contested grassy slope, and were buried on the spot, or in the next village churchyard, in the dress in which they played Philaster, or the court-garb in which they wooed their mistress, or the doctor’s gown in which they preached before the King, or read Greek in the schools.

This gaiety was much increased the next year when the Queen came to Oxford, and the last happy days of its ill-fated monarch glided by. It was really no inapt hyperbole of the classic wits which compared this motley scene to the marriage of Jupiter and Juno of old, when all the Gods and many noble personages besides, were invited to the feast ; but to which also came a motley company of mummers, maskers, fantastic phantoms, whifflers, thieves, rufflers, gulls, wizards, and monsters, and among the rest Crysalus, a Persian prince, bravely attended, clad in rich and

gay attire, and of majestic presence, but otherwise an ass ; whom the Gods at first, seeing him enter in such pomp, rose and saluted, taking him for one worthy of honour and high place; and when Jupiter, perceiving what he was, turned with his retinue into butterflies, who continued in pied coats roving about among the Gods and the wiser sort of men. Something of this kind here happened, when wisdom and folly, vice and piety, learning and gaiety, terribly earnest even to death, and light frivolity, jostled each other in the stately precincts of Parnassus and Olympus.

JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE¹ (1834-1903).

MAY DAY AT MAGDALEN COLLEGE

From *Letters*.

BELLS had their poetry for me from the first, as they still have, and the Oxford peals would always fill me with a strange sense of delight. . . .

There was the awe of listening to one of the college choirs, and hearing the great organ at New College or Magdalen !

The College was a poem in itself ; its dim cloisters, its noble chapel, its smooth lawns, its park with the deer browsing beneath venerable elms, its ‘walks’, with ‘Addison’s Walk’ in the midst of them, but where we boys thought less of Addison than of wasps’ nests and craw-fishing. Of all the Oxford Colleges it

¹ Man of letters, writer of Romance.

was the stateliest and the most secluded from the outer world, and though I can laugh now at the indolence and uselessness of the collegiate life of my boy-days, my boyish imagination was overpowered by the solemn services, the white-robed choir, the long train of divines and fellows, and the president—moving like some mysterious dream of the past among the punier creatures of the present. . . .

May morning, too, was a burst of poetry every year of my boyhood. Before the Reformation it had been customary to sing a mass at the moment of sunrise on the 1st of May, and some time in Elizabeth's reign this mass was exchanged for a hymn to the Trinity. At first we used to spring out of bed, and gather in the gray of dawn on the top of the College tower, where choristers and singing-men were already grouped in their surplices. Beneath us, all wrapt in the dim mists of a spring morning, lay the city, the silent reaches of Cherwell, the great commons of Cowley marsh and Bullingdon, now covered with houses, but then a desolate waste. There was a long hush of waiting just before five, and then the first bright point of sunlight gleamed out over the horizon ; below, at the base of the tower, a mist of discordant noises from the tin horns of the town boys greeted its appearance, and above, in the stillness, rose the soft, pathetic air of the hymn *Te Deum Patrem colimus*. As it closed, the sun was fully up, surplices were thrown off, and with a burst of gay laughter the choristers rushed down the little tower-stair, and flung themselves on the bell-ropes, 'jangling' the bells in rough mediaeval fashion

till the tower shook from side to side. And then, as they were tired, came the ringers ; and the ‘ jangle ’ died into one of those ‘ peals ’, change after change, which used to cast such a spell over my boyhood.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN¹ (1837-83).

OXFORD STUDIES

From *Letters*

WITH all its faults of idleness and littleness there is a charm about Oxford which tells on one, a certain freshness and independence (‘ it has never given itself over to the Philistines,’ as Mat. Arnold says), and besides a certain geniality of life such as one doesn’t find elsewhere. Perhaps its very blunders,—and one meets a blunder at every step if one regards it as a great educational institution,—save it at any rate from falling into the mere commonplace of the *Daily Telegraph*. The real peril of our days is not that of being wrong, but of being right on wrong grounds ; in a Liberalism which is a mere matter of association and sentiment, and not of any consistent view of man in his relation to society ; the Liberalism of the daily papers, I mean, and of nine-tenths of their readers ; a Liberalism which enables the *Times* to plead for despotic government in Greece, or Froude to defend the rack. And with all its oddities Oxford seems to give a wide toleration and charity to the social intercourse of thinkers ; Comtist and

¹ Balliol College, historian, author of *A Short History of the English People*, &c.

Romaniser laugh together over High Table, and are driven by the logic of fact from the shallow device of avoiding one another as ‘fools’ or ‘madmen’.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN (1837-83).

THE EARLY HISTORY OF OXFORD

TO most Oxford men, indeed to the common visitor of Oxford, the town seems a mere offshoot of the University. . . . Historically the very reverse of all this is really the case. So far is the University from being older than the city, that Oxford had already seen five centuries of borough life before a student appeared within its streets. Instead of its prosperity being derived from its connexion with the University, that connexion has probably been its commercial ruin. The gradual subjection both of markets and trade to the arbitrary control of an ecclesiastical corporation was inevitably followed by their extinction. The University found Oxford a busy, prosperous borough, and reduced it to a cluster of lodging-houses. It found it among the first of English municipalities, and it so utterly crushed its freedom that the recovery of some of the commonest rights of self-government has only been brought about by recent legislation. Instead of the Mayor being a dependant on Chancellor or Vice-Chancellor, Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor have simply usurped the far older authority of the Mayor. . . .

JOHN RICHARD GREEN (1837-83).

YOUNG OXFORD

THERE are few earthly surprises at once so old and so pleasant as the surprise with which, after a few years' absence from Oxford, one returns to find oneself an anachronism. It is not merely that the ordinary social changes of life have gone on more rapidly there than elsewhere, that a little world which renews itself every three or four years presents new faces and new voices to us, that, if we seek for some enduring element amid the chaos of novelty, we are driven to make friends with a veteran scout, or to gaze with a sigh of relief on an immortal bedell. It is not the faces only, but the whole atmosphere of Oxford that has changed. The puns, the sermons, the Newdigates, the heroes of the past are utterly forgotten. It is one peculiarity of a place at first sight so eminently traditional, that there is no tradition; the great boating deeds of Smith, the great proctorate of Brown, the wit of Robinson, the learning of Jones, vanish with the generation that knew them. We find ourselves in the midst of a world that has no past, in which a modern life is for ever ebbing and flowing through time-honoured cloisters and beneath immemorial elms, where the most venerable of living beings is the man in his last term.

It is difficult to express the sense of fogyism with which one reads the innumerable Oxford *jeux d'esprit* that float down to hall or parsonage as Charlie comes

home for vacation. . . . There is all the old fun, the old sense of social ease and brightness and freedom, the old medley of work and indolence, of jest and earnest, that made Oxford life so picturesque. But every form in which this spirit embodied itself is changed. We have to begin our Oxford again, as we had to begin it when we faced the Vice-Chancellor at our matriculation. . . .

It is the contrast of this social novelty with the historic and unchanging aspect of the place, of its real life and ideal life, which gives such a strange charm to Oxford. The future Antony-a-Wood who sets himself to describe the true and not the merely official history of Alma Mater will find himself face to face with the most picturesque, because the most rapidly changing, panorama in the world.

What will strike him most, perhaps, in the Oxford of to-day is the disappearance of the Don. Oxford is Young Oxford. The queer figures, strange compounds of shyness and hauteur, who formed the still background to all the movement and variety of academical life, have faded away into quiet parsonages. With them Oxford has lost its last relic of continuity, the last bond that linked its generations together, the last memorials of a tradition of discipline. It has not lost sweetness in them, or light, but it certainly has lost individuality. They were not as other men are. They had in fact a deep, quiet contempt for other men. Oxford was their world, and beyond Oxford lay only waste wide regions of shallow-

ness and inaccuracy. They were often men of keen humour, of humour keen enough at any rate to see and mock at the mere pretences of ‘the world of progress’ around them. Their delight was to take a ‘progressive idea’ and to roast it over the common-room fire. They had their poetry ; for the place itself, and the reverence they felt for it, filled them with a quiet sense of the beautiful ; and this refinement and this humour both saved them from bowing before the vulgar gods of the world without. They did not care much for money ; they saw their contemporaries struggling for it, and lingered on content with their quiet rooms and four hundred a year.

No doubt there is a more serious side to Young Oxford. If the Dons have fled before this advent of ‘Shooting Stars’, of whist, of athletics, of art, before the endless jangle of pianos and the rattle of billiard balls, some of the better elements of the world without have come in.

If Oxford is to educate Englishmen and not merely to drill them, to act as an intellectual, and not merely as a social force, it is time that she knew something and taught something of Turner and Alfred de Musset. Ten years ago we should have found no Oxford man daring enough to talk through a whole paper, as one of these gentlemen does, about the drawings in the Taylor buildings, and to talk with a certain amount of knowledge and good sense. . . . And the result of this extension of Oxford sympathies

is apparent, we think, in a new geniality and fairness of tone. . . . We can forgive much art-gossip, much prattle over Sainte-Beuve, if it takes men out into the larger world, where they may gain a sense of proportion, and add a little sweetness to their light. . . . Whatever may be the changes that are impending, it is plain that changes must be, and that they will be changes that will set our academical education in a far closer and more practical relation to the general instruction of the country than its present system and tradition allows.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN (1837-83).

OXFORD AS IT IS

THE one place to study Oxford in is Oxford herself; a walk down the High tells more of its actual life than all the books and treatises in the world. Nowhere does one get less help from sentiment or speculation; nowhere can one trust so implicitly to the eye and ear. The charm of the place lies in a single difference from the world without it, and that difference is betrayed in almost ostentatious individualities of speech, of manner, of costume.

Oxford is in truth neither historic nor theological nor academical. It is simply young. The first impression one receives is the true one; half the faces one meets are the faces of boys; everywhere there is the freedom, the geniality, the noise of a big school.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN (1837-83).

EMERALD UTHWART

ON summer nights the scent of the hay, the wild-flowers, comes across the narrow fringe of town to right and left; seems to come from beyond the Oxford meadows, with sensitive, half-repellent thoughts from gardens at home. He looks down upon the green square with the slim, quaint, black, young figures that cross it on the way to chapel on yellow Sunday mornings, or upwards to the dome, the spire; can watch them closely in freakish moonlight, or flickering softly by an occasional bonfire in the quadrangle behind him. Yet how hard, how forbidding sometimes, under a late stormy sky, the scheme of black, white, and grey, to which the group of ancient buildings could attune itself. And what he reads most readily is of the military life that intruded itself, so oddly, during the Civil War, into these half-monastic places, till the timid old academic world scarcely knew itself. He treasures then every incident which connects a soldier's coat with any still recognizable object, wall, or tree, or garden-walk; that walk, for instance, under Merton garden where young Colonel Windebank was shot for a traitor. His body lies in Saint Mary Magdalen's churchyard. Unassociated to such incident, the mere beauties of the place counted at the moment for less than in the retrospect. It was almost retrospect even now, with an anticipation of regret, in rare moments of solitude perhaps, when the oars splashed far up

the narrow streamlets through the fields on May evenings among the fritillaries, does the reader know them ? that strange remnant just here of a richer extinct flora—dry flowers, though with a crop of dubious honey in each. Snakes' heads, the rude call them, for their shape, scale-marked too, and in colour like rusted blood; as if they grew from some forgotten battle-field, the bodies, the rotten armour—yet delicate, beautiful, waving proudly. In truth the memory of Oxford made almost everything he saw after it seem vulgar. But he feels also nevertheless, characteristically, that such local pride (*fastus* he terms it) is proper only for those whose occupations are wholly congruous with it ; for the gifted, the free-men who can enter into the genius, who possess the liberty, of the place ; that it has a reproach in it for the outsider, which comes home to him.

WALTER PATER¹ (1839–94).

THE SOUL OF OXFORD

SOUL of the City that I love the best,
Upon whose gracious breast
Suckled I drank the wisdom of all years
That mellowed under glory of Greek skies ;
And grey philosophies
So dimly cradled in our colder West.
Pale blossom of high travail, soft as tears,

¹ Queen's College (1862), Fellow of Brasenose (1864), man of letters.

Thy memory burns in me like wine and brings
Passion of golden strings
And all that statelier beauty, with the grace
Of mediæval magic carved in stone,
To be young Learning's throne ;
And marry Plato's pleasant murmurings
To modern life, as heaven and earth embrace.
Thy music haunts me, in that cloistered dust,
With a great human trust.

I hear the tramp of multitudinous feet,
As on thy storied street
Flows like the stream of Time itself and bears
Burden of fears and laughter, life and death,
And love's immortal breath ;
Dim tragedies, that now give up their sweet
Alone as jewels, that an Empire wears.
But which is truth, and which the lower sky
Of sainted legendry,
With rest grown conscious into rapture calm,
I cannot say where all is haloed round
And all is holy ground ;
While, with white steps that bridge eternity,
Church tower and spire go up a solemn psalm.
Porches and pillared fronts arise, and gleam
Like an embodied dream.

Thy doors and windows to earth open not
Each aureoled space or spot,
But into heaven itself and ripe repose
Unhonoured by our stretches of dark strife ;
Roses of larger life,

Not blurred by our unbeauteous labour's blot,
In petals pure as virgin breasts unclose.
As the great sea runs into every nook
And creek's sequestered crook,
Filling each curve and corner with its flood,
So thy fond spirit flows into my veins,
The chastity that reigns
In reverend lines and many a mystic look,
And flushes all the estuaries of my blood,
Great shining shadows are around me curled,
The old and fairer world.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ORDE WARD¹ (1843-).

TO MY ALMA MATER

WHICH has produced men . . . who maintain the best traditions of English learning, and prove Oxford still to be the School of Theology—Oxford also and even more the sanctuary of sweet superstitions and exquisite fallacies and rebel unreason and unpractical theories and gentle seditions of thought—Oxford the home of beautiful chivalries and great ideas and gracious ideals and sublime impossibilities.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ORDE WARDE (1843-).

¹ Wadham College; author of *The World's Quest*.

OXFORD THE DREAMER

ONE with all Nature thou; and one with
Time,
And all the gracious memories of the years,
Whose loves and laughter rhythmic chime
With mortal tears;
Age sitteth on thee as a goodly robe
Of splendid faiths, and yet more splendid fears;
Mated with passion of immortal youth,
That draws the globe
On in the eternal quest of flying truth;
And, at thy feet as murmuring water, plays
Sweet breath of legends from grand yesterdays.

Romance lies round thee, like the singing seas
Of sober colouring, beautiful and calm,
Where it is ever autumn. Golden ease
Sheds shadowy balm;
While tower and spire spring up as glorious
prayer,
And every fabric seems a builded psalm
Wrought of devotion, stepping line on line—
And each more fair—
Into the heaven of symmetry divine.
Here History stamps its heart in living stone,
And mediaeval magic girds its zone.

Faith that can never die dwells in these walls
And cleaveth yet, an old-world fragrance fond ;
Rekindled in fresh minds, it moulds and calls
To peaks beyond ;
The altar of a fire that, blessing, burns ;
That owns no boundary, and accepts no bond,
From which the spirit of inspiration feeds.
To which returns,
With newer revelations for young needs.
While rebel reason, innocent of law,
Here kneels in knowledge found of wondering awe.

For ever ancient, and for ever new,
Oxford, thy courts and cloisters are a bower
Whence thought—earth-shaking, and earth-shaping—
drew
Promise and power ;
Here coming rulers, who will one day wield
Old empire's rod, our England's finest flower,
Practise their prentice-hands in mimic strife,
And playing field,
Learning the Master's touch and Maker's life ;
While Isis ripples with its storied stream,
And every rill a hope and haloed dream.

(FREDERICK WILLIAM ORDE WARD, 1843—).

ALMAE MATRES

(ST. ANDREWS, 1862. OXFORD, 1865.)

ST. ANDREWS by the Northern sea,
A haunted town it is to me!
A little city, worn and grey,
The grey North Ocean girds it round.
And o'er the rocks, and up the bay,
The long sea-rollers surge and sound.
And still the thin and biting spray
Drives down the melancholy street,
And still endure, and still decay,
Towers that the salt winds vainly beat.
Ghost-like and shadowy they stand
Dim mirrored in the wet sea-sand.

St. Leonard's chapel, long ago
We loitered idly where the tall
Fresh budded mountain ashes blow
Within thy desecrated wall :
The tough roots rent the tomb below,
The April birds sang clamorous,
We did not dream, we could not know
How hardly Fate would deal with us !

O, broken minster, looking forth
Beyond the bay, above the town,
O, winter of the kindly North,
O, College of the scarlet gown,

And shining sands beside the sea,
 And stretch of links beyond the sand,
 Once more I watch you, and to me
 It is as if I touched his hand !

And therefore art thou yet more dear,
 O, little city, grey and sere,
 Though shrunken from thine ancient pride
 And lonely by thy lonely sea,
 Than these fair halls on Isis' side,
 Where Youth an hour came back to me !

A land of waters green and clear,
 Of willows and of poplars tall,
 And, in the spring time of each year,
 The white May breaking over all,
 And Pleasure quick to come at call.
 And summer rides by marsh and wold,
 And Autumn with her crimson pall
 About the towers of Magdalen rolled ;
 And strange enchantments from the past,
 And memories of the friends of old,
 And strong Tradition, binding fast
 The 'flying terms' with bands of gold,—

All these hath Oxford : all are dear,
 But dearer far the little town,
 The drifting surf, the wintry year,
 The College of the scarlet gown,
St. Andrews by the Northern sea,
That is a haunted town to me !

ANDREW LANG¹ (1844—).

¹ Balliol College, Hon. Fellow of Merton, man of letters, poet.

OXFORD

OXFORD is not an easy place to design in black and white, with the pen or the etcher's needle. On a wild winter or late autumn day (such as Father Faber has made permanent in a beautiful poem) the sunshine fleets along the plain, revealing towers, and floods, and trees, in a gleam of watery light, and leaving them once more in shadow. The melancholy mist creeps over the city, the damp soaks into the heart of everything, and such suicidal weather ensues as has been described, once for all, by the author of *John-a-Dreams*. How different Oxford looks when the road to Cowley Marsh is dumb with dust, when the heat seems almost tropical, and by the drowsy banks of the Cherwell you might almost expect some shy southern water-beast to come crashing through the reeds! And such a day, again, is unlike the bright weather of late September, when all the gold and scarlet of Bagley Wood are concentrated in the leaves that cover the walls of Magdalen with an imperial vesture.

Most old towns are like palimpsests, parchments which have been scrawled over again and again, by their successive owners. Oxford, though not one of the most ancient of English cities, shows, more legibly than the rest, the handwriting, as it were, of many generations. The convenient site among the interlacing waters of the Isis and the Cherwell has com-

mended itself to men in one age after another. Each generation has used it for its own purpose ; for war, for trade, for learning, for religion ; and war, trade, religion, and learning, have left on Oxford their peculiar marks.

Thus the life of England, for some eight centuries, may be traced in the buildings of Oxford. Nay, if we are convinced by some antiquaries, the eastern end of the High Street contains even earlier scratches on this palimpsest of Oxford ; the rude marks of savages who scooped out their damp nests, and raised their low walls in the gravel, on the spot where the new schools are to stand. Here, half-naked men may have trapped the beaver in the Cherwell, and hither they may have brought home the boars which they slew in the trackless woods of Headington and Bagley.

The pleasantest and most profitable hours that Landor could remember at Oxford ‘were passed with Walter Birch in the Magdalen Walk, by the half-hidden Cherwell’. Hours like these are indeed the pleasantest and most profitable that any of us pass at Oxford. The one duty which that University, by virtue of its very nature, has never neglected, is the assembling of young men together from all over England, and giving them three years of liberty of life, of leisure, and of discussion, in scenes which are classical and peaceful. For these hours, the most fruitful of our lives, we are grateful to Oxford, as long as friendship lives ; that is, as long as life and memory

remain with us. And, ‘if anything endure, if hope there be,’ our conscious existence in the after-world would ask for no better companions than those who walked with us by the Isis and the Cherwell.

There are few chapters in literary history more fascinating than those which tell the story of Shelley at Oxford. We see him entering the hall of University College—a tall, shy stripling, bronzed with the September sun, with long elf-locks. He takes his seat by a stranger, and in a moment holds him spell-bound, while he talks of Plato, and Goethe, and Alfieri, of Italian poetry, and Greek philosophy. Mr. Hogg draws a curious sketch of Shelley at work in his rooms, where seven-shilling pieces were being dissolved in acid in the teacups, where there was a great hole in the floor that the poet had burned with his chemicals.

How characteristic of Shelley it was to lend the glow of his fancy to science, to declare that things, not thoughts, mineralogy, not literature, must occupy human minds for the future, and then to leave a lecture on mineralogy in the middle, and admit that ‘stones are dull things after all’!

Shelley and Hogg seem almost to have lived in reality the life of the Scholar Gipsy. In Mr. Arnold’s poem, which has made permanent for all time the charm, the sentiment of Oxfordshire scenery, the poet seems to be following the track of Shelley.

BALLADE OF THE SUMMER TERM

Being a Petition, in the form of a Ballade, praying the University Commissioners to spare the Summer Term.

WHEN Lent and Responsions are ended,
 When May with fritillaries waits,
 When the flower of the chestnut is splendid,
 When drags are at all of the gates
 (Those drags the philosopher "slates"
 With a scorn that is truly sublime),¹
 Life wins from the grasp of the Fates
 Sweet hours and the fleetest of time !

When wickets are bowled and defended,
 When Isis is glad with the "Eights",
 When music and sunset are blended,
 When Youth and the summer are mates,
 When Freshmen are heedless of "Greats",
 And when note-books are covered with rhyme,
 Ah, these are the hours that one rates—
 Sweet hours and the fleetest of time !

When the brow of the Dean is unbended
 At luncheons and mild *tête-à-têtes*,
 When the Tutor's in love, nor offended
 By blunders in tenses or dates ;
 When bouquets are purchased of Bates,
 When the bells in their melody chime,
 When unheeded the Lecturer prates—
 Sweet hours and the fleetest of time !

¹ See "Suggestions for Academic Reorganization."

ENVOY

Reformers of Schools and of States,
 Is mirth so tremendous a crime ?
 Ah ! spare what grim pedantry hates—
 Sweet hours and the fleetest of time !

ANDREW LANG (1844—).

AN INVITATION TO THE PAGEANT, 1907

PRAISE her, the mother of celestial moods,
 Who o'er the saints' inviolate array
 Hath starred her robe of fair beatitudes
 With jewels worn by Hellas, on the day
 She grew from girlhood into wisdom gay ;
 And hath laid by her crozier, ever more
 With both hands gathering to enrich her store,
 And make her courts with music ring alway.

Love her, for that the world is in her heart,
 Man's rude antiquity and doubtful goal,
 The heaven-enthralling luxury of art,
 The burdened pleading of his clay-bound soul,
 The mutual office of delight and dole,
 The merry laugh of youth, the joy of life
 Older than thought, and the unamending strife
 Twixt liberty and politic control.

There is none holier, not the lilyed town
 By Arno, whither the spirit of Athens fled,
 Escap't from Hades to a less renown,
 Yet joyful to be risen from the dead ;

Nor she whose wide imperious arms were spread
 To spoil mankind, until the avenger came
 In darkening storm, and left a ruined name,
 A triple crown upon a vanquish't head.

.

'Farewell ! for whether we be young or old,
 Thou dost remain, but we shall pass away ;
 Time shall against himself thy house uphold,
 And build thy sanctuary from decay ;
 Children unborn shall be thy pride and stay.
 May Earth protect thee, and thy sons be true,
 And God with heavenly food thy life renew,
 Thy pleasure and thy grace from day to day.'

ROBERT BRIDGES¹ (1844—).

SOCIETY IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE

'I AND my friends,' . . . one of Grant-Duff's most frequent guests, Matthew Arnold, used to say, 'lived at the Oxford of our day as in a great country house.' That gives no bad idea of the little, old, unreformed Oxford, occupied by the sons of the aristocracy, of untitled landowners, of well-to-do clergymen, and of the pick of the professional or commercial class. No interval of roads lined with villa residences, mutilated by tram-cars, noisy and malodorous with automobiles, then separated the gates of the Colleges from the green country lanes. It was not only the Oxford of the cloister, but of the

¹ Corpus Christi College, Oxford, poet, essayist, playwright.

Middle Ages. Amid such surroundings as these grew, in the nineteenth century's first half, the scheme for rehabilitating the National Church, promoted by Newman, Pusey, and others. Whatever the view taken, the movement was an imposing one, full of humbling awe to some, and of exultation to others. The idea animating the Oxford Anglicans of the thirties was the presence and operation of the Holy Spirit, not like the wind 'blowing where it listeth', but communicating itself by ceremonial channels. A vast spiritual edifice consisted of a multitude of individuals ; all, however, could be identified as parts of the one structure. This unity involved the assumption of every bishop being directly descended from the Apostles, from whom they had in unbroken succession at the moment of their consecration, received the special gift of the Spirit. . . . The Oriel common-room was the home of good breeding, of the grand manner, as well as of faith, learning, and virtue. The primitive High Churchism of the nineteenth century began by being intensely aristocratic ; and, above all things, anti-Liberal. Social privilege was an article of religious faith. The Hursley curates wept because Corn Law Abolition obliged their squire to put down one of his carriage horses. The early Anglicanism, therefore, found its natural home in the Tory country houses, within easy distance of the uniformly Tory colleges, and its chief leader in him whose connexion with the territorial class caused J. H. Newman to speak of him emphatically as 'the Great'. This was E. B. Pusey, the descendant of an ancient stock of substantial Berkshire

squires. His father, the first Lord Folkestone's son, and so born a Bouverie, had assumed the Pusey name on inheriting the Pusey estates. These had been in the family from the tenth century. Pusey House, near Farringdon, Berks, has always been a Tory centre, and when Philip Pusey, a Protectionist, sat for Berkshire, was Lord George Bentinck's recruiting ground. The value of such a social centre as this to the Oxford Anglicans was appreciated by no one more than by the future head of the Birmingham Oratory. It was his ancestral connexion with this place, rather than any other qualifications for the office, which gave E. B. Pusey the leadership of the Oxford movement. . . .

To the country-house era of Oxford, as Matthew Arnold called it, as indeed the place remained for many a long day afterwards, the pleasant districts wherein lie the mansions now mentioned seemed but the outskirts of a wide-stretching college park. That description would have held at least periodically true throughout much of the nineteenth century. Charles Reade, the novelist, was then established during part of the Long Vacation at his rooms in Magdalen, and entertained Saturday-to-Monday guests from the Athenaeum and the Garrick Clubs. At the adjacent Queen's were Robert Steward Falcon, of the fine presence and magnificent golden beard, the best scholar of his day, a former 'Ireland', and his brother-fellow Dykes, the model of an old world country squire, the one shooting over and the other managing the College estates. The best part of

the Victorian age had therefore gone by before at least one Oxford college parted with some among the most characteristic and robust features of a genially intellectual country house. Falcon's latest provost was a fine old English gentleman of the best squarson type, Dr. Jackson. His successor lacks no qualification for practically perpetuating the best social traditions of the old régime in the college that under his rule has produced its first 'Ireland' scholar since Falcon, half a century ago. Long before Queen's second 'Ireland' the typical Oxford college had resumed, if indeed it had ever entirely lost, those social aspects which bring it as much within the country-house category as any private mansion known to Society's Arcadia. Benjamin Jowett abounded in kindly and hospitable instincts. His roof and table were perpetually available for young and old, to whom he thought it might be an object to avoid hotel bills. He was, however, by no means the original inventor and patentee of Society's modern Saturday-to-Monday sojourn on the Isis. H. G. Liddell's bi-terminal gatherings at the Deanery, Christ Church, had attracted Whig or Liberal statesmen and other celebrities, before as well as after the conversion to Free Trade of another Christ Church man, at one time Liddell's particular friend, Sir Robert Peel. On the other side, the college of Archbishop Laud and of Dean Mansel had, under President Wynter, been at the head of Oxford's Tory houses. Jowett's parties, both in the rooms occupied by him as a tutor, looking out upon the Martyrs' Memorial,

and at the Master's Lodge, were the adaptation to new social conditions of the somewhat earlier hospitalities of Pattison at Lincoln, and Wynter at St. John's. None of these reunions were less essentially country-house rites because they were presided over by the head of an Oxford house instead of by the lord of some rural manor. With Disraeli, Gathorne Hardy, and other party managers among the guests, the new academic Conservatism socially organized itself beneath the roof of the President of St. John's, while at Balliol or Lincoln was being evolved the comprehensively national Oxford which now exists.

THOMAS HAY SWEET ESCOTT¹ (1844-).

*HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN OXFORD
AND THE COTSWOLDS*

THE Oxford Almanack for the year 1808 displays a view by Turner, in which the London coach is seen descending Headington Hill. Of all the approaches to Oxford this was the most striking, but the prospect which Turner has sketched, and on which the gaze of his outside passengers is fixed, has long been concealed by the enclosures and plantations of Headington Hill Hall. In the foreground are the few picturesque houses which then formed the suburb of St. Clement's; in the middle distance are the groves of Magdalen, from the centre of which rise the New Buildings, then some fifty years old, and still the finest thing of its kind in Oxford; and on

¹ Queen's College, journalist, editor, man of letters.

the left are seen the glorious tower and the bridge. Further still to the left rise the towers of Merton, and of Christ Church; while on the right predominant are the spires of All Saints' and St. Mary's, and the great dome of the Radcliffe Library. In the background the scene is closed by the long line of the green-muffled Cumnor hills, and the dark wooded heights of Wytham.

Such would have been the picture spread before us had we been journeying down the steep descent of Headington Hill in 1808, and we should have reached our comfortable quarters at the Angel or the Mitre without encountering anything to break the spell of first impressions. Nor were these impressions the less enchanting from the fact that they had surpassed any mental picture of the scene which we had been trying to form. For this the long and leisurely journey from London had given us ample time. As the coach crawled down the rugged slope of the Chilterns, and as the coachman strove to make his eight or nine miles an hour across the plain which divides the chalk range from the heights of Shotover, there was nothing but the sign-posts to indicate our approach to the enchanted city of our imagination: anticipation had long to be nursed, curiosity long held in suspense, until at a turn of the road, hardly more than a mile away, the magic vision was suddenly revealed. . . .

But there are other distant views of Oxford besides that from Shotover. . . . The best to my mind is the one . . . from Stow Wood on the way to Beckley. If

the day is a stormy one, and you are lucky enough to seize the moment when, from a rent in the black clouds which fill the valley and shroud the distant landscape, the sun breaks forth and lights up the towers and spires into bold relief, you will have seen a picture which you will never forget. From Stow Wood and Shotover your survey is from the north-east and west, but the famous view from the south must not be neglected, either from the meadow ground above the Hinkseys, or from the Abingdon Road, as you ascend to Boar's Hill ; here, however, the suburbs assert their unblushing presence, and the foreground is more commonplace, but at any rate you see Oxford as it is from end to end, a city rising from the midst of a valley just at the point where the hills on either side, east and west, approach each other most nearly. . . .

Should the visitor be less curious to see Oxford life than Oxford itself, and should he long to revel undisturbed in the silence that broods over College Quads and College Gardens, he will of course choose the Vacation. Then, indeed, like Elia, he 'can play the gentleman and enact the student. In moods of humility he can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein rises he can strut a gentleman commoner, in graver moments proceed Master of Arts, and in Christ Church reverend quadrangle be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.' Should he mount the broad and easy staircase that leads to the reading room of the Bodleian, he will no longer see any signs of vacation : to all appear-

ances it is still the height of full term ; beneath the painted roof of Duke Humphrey, and amidst the laden shelves of Sir Thomas, such merely paedagogic distinctions of times and seasons are unknown. The librarians are at their posts, the clerks are hurrying up and down with their armfuls of books, the readers are hunting in the catalogue, or immersed in their researches at the desks. And nowhere in the world can researches be prosecuted with such readiness and comfort. Within easy reach of his chair the student has all the books of reference he most frequently wishes to consult, while by the simple process of turning up an entry in the catalogue and writing the press mark, or title, on a slip, he may command the use of some 600,000 volumes of printed books, and 30,000 volumes of MSS.

HERBERT ARTHUR EVANS¹ (1846-).

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD

CATHEDRAL in the silence of the night,
 Who lookest Godwards to the starry sky,
 Not proudly standing dost thou magnify
 Thyself in distant earth-disdaining height,
 Nor boast thy bulk a monument of might ;
 But, worshipping in low humility,
 With folded hands and deep imploring eye,
 Thou kneelest, as before the Master's sight.

¹ Balliol College, author of *Highways and Byways of Oxford*.

The meek and lowly He exalts ; so thou
Hast gained a glory other shrines have missed.
Though least among them all, it is thy brow
That wears the crown of the evangelist.
To thee let all thy princely sisters bow,
O nursing mother of the Church of Christ.

GEORGE JOHN ROMANES¹ (1848-94).

IN MAGDALEN TOWER

MY brain is weary and my eyes are aching
With poring over long on Plato's text ;
I'll make this silent hour my own, forsaking
The buried lore with which my soul is vexed.
The breeze without blows kindlier and moister ;
I'll fling the mullioned window open wide
That looks athwart the solemn court and cloister,
To view the world outside.

Each dome and spire from east to west arises
An island from the rolling sea of mist
That fills with shadowy waves the vale of Isis,
All save the imperial city's queenly crest.
Above, the chilly moonbeams of October
Wrap round her sleeping form a gilded shroud :
Below, the fleecy sheets of vapour robe her
In folds of silver cloud.

¹ Caius College, Cambridge, naturalist, author of *Animal Intelligence*, &c.

The blood-red creeper on the pale grey turret
Shows purple in the dim recess of night,
Save when the short-lived autumn breezes stir it,
Flashing a gleam of crimson on my sight.
And drooping ivy sprays that twist and dangle
Around the gloomy gargoyle's mouldering mass
Shed ghostly shadows on the dark quadrangle,
Across the moonlit grass.

Hard by, the clear-cut pinnacles of Merton
Rise black against the wan abyss on high ;
The far Cathedral steeple looms uncertain
Through intervening depths of hazy sky :
High in the tapering belfry of St. Mary's
The solemn clock knells out the stroke of three,
And fills with floating sound and weird vagaries
The misty middle sea.

These dreamy reveries of Plato mingle
With shapeless cloud and voices of vague bells
To bid each vein through all my body tingle,
And stir my brain through all its throbbing cells.
The city's form melts like the fitful vapour,
Till these her solid walls of massive stone,
Unreal as the fleecy robes that drape her,
Fade, and I stand alone.

I know not if she be or if she be not ;
I only know I am, and nought beside :
I gaze abroad with timid eyes and see not
Beyond the mist by which my sight is tied.

The things I see and hear and feel around me
Merge in the inner consciousness of thought ;
Yet like an iron chain their limits bound me
With bands myself have wrought.

• • • • •
This very tree, whose life is our life's sister,
We know not if the ichor in her veins
Thrill with fierce joy when April dews have kissed her,
Or shrink in anguish from October rains.
We search the mighty world above and under,
Yet nowhere find the soul we fain would find,
Speech in the hollow rumbling of the thunder,
Words in the whispering wind.

We yearn for brotherhood with lake and mountain ;
Our conscious soul seeks conscious sympathy,
Nymphs in the coppice, Naiads in the fountain,
Gods on the craggy height and roaring sea.
We find but soulless sequences of matter,
Fact linked to fact by adamantine rods,
Eternal bonds of former sense and latter,
Dead laws for living Gods.

• • • • •
The city lies below me, wrapped in slumber ;
Mute and unmoved in all her streets she lies ;
Mid rapid thoughts that throng me without number
Flashes the image of an old surmise :
Her hopes and fears and griefs are all suspended ;
Ten thousand souls throughout her precincts take
Sleep, in whose bosom life and death are blended,
And I alone awake.

But now that far and wide the pale horizon,
 Faint grey to eastward, darker on the west,
 Lights up the misty sphere its border lies on,
 My weary brain has need of gentle rest.
 The growing haze of sunrise gives me warning
 To check these wayward thoughts that dive too
 deep.
 Perchance a little light will come with morning,
 Perchance I shall but sleep.

GRANT ALLEN¹ (1848-99).

*MEADOWSWEET : ON THE BANKS OF THE
 CHERWELL²*

IN summer fields the meadowsweet
 Spreads its white bloom around the feet
 Of those who pass in love or play
 The golden hours of holiday ;
 Where heart to answering heart can beat,
 There grows the simple meadowsweet.

Deep-bosomed in some cool retreat
 The long reed grasses nod and greet
 The stream that murmurs as it goes
 Songs of forget-me-not and rose :
 The filmy haze of noontide heat
 Is faint with scents of meadowsweet.

¹ Merton College, man of letters.

² From *Rosemary's Letter Book*.

Ah, love, do you know meadowsweet ?
Does some pale ghost of passion fleet
 Adown the dreary lapse of years,
 So void of love, so full of tears ?
Some ancient far-off echo greet
The name, the thought of meadowsweet ?

WILLIAM LEONARD COURTNEY¹ (1850-).

IN NEW COLLEGE CLOISTERS²

IN this dim charnel-house of endless death,
 Where to my aching ear pass to and fro
Footfalls of weary men who once drew breath,
 Soft echoes of the voices long ago,
I stand and hearken ; and, methinks, one saith,
 ‘ I lived and loved, who now my love may know ? ’
And lo, another, ‘ Is there end for faith ? ’
And yet a third, ‘ Who reaps where I did sow ? ’

Here in the wind-swept court, the sodden grass
 Is wet with tears of which sad hearts are fain ;
Heaven’s courts are filled with penitential mass—
 What soothing answer cometh back again ?
Only the winds that mock us as they pass ;
 Naught but the voicelessplash of sullen rain.

WILLIAM LEONARD COURTNEY (1850-).

¹ New College, editor of *The Fortnightly Review*.

² From *Rosemary’s Letter Book*.

AN IMPRESSION

ALITTLE sadly, but how tenderly,
 The heavy rain of May drops, warm and soft ;
 The elms' bronze lace of twigs, fan-spread aloft,
 Touches the smoky mist that veils the sky ;
 The mead below has donned fresh livery ;
 The wet tower looms out in the west, the croft
 Shows one red chimney o'er its hidden loft,
 Where pure green leafage splashes bright and high ;
 For Spring is brooding amorous over all,
 And Earth has wakened from her long cold sleep,
 Though naught her grave sweet stillness dares to
 move,
 Till the keen pleading of a lone bird's call
 Breaks forth, and all the silence seems to thrill,
 Instinct with hope and grief and life and love.

FREDERICK YORK POWELL¹ (1850-1904).

May 5, 1898.

AFTERNOON—EARLY NOVEMBER

WARM gusty showers their gentle drops have
 doled
 On timid flickering leaves that throb and beat
 And glow like metal in the furnace-heat,
 And fall and gild the ground with wasted gold.
 The air's asteam with perfume from the mould,
 Memory-laden, melancholy-sweet ;
 While past my windows pattering footsteps fleet,
 And up the elm-streets far-off shouts are rolled :

¹ Christ Church, Professor of History, University of Liverpool, afterwards Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford.

The Year is dying, and ere the cruel chill grips
 Its prey, the peaceful languor of Death's spell
 Is weaving opium-glories round her grave,
 And though Remembrance still be dear, the lips
 Of veiled Oblivion whisper, 'It is well
 That even Regret must drown in Lethe's wave ! '

FREDERICK YORK POWELL (1850-1904).

SNAKE'S-HEAD LILIES IN IFFLEY MEADS

WHEN that old serpent Thames, with subtle mood
 Infected all the meads through which he wound,
 That so these flowers upspringing from the ground
 Should set their heads for striking ; Nature, good
 And innocent, o'erpowered the venomous brood ;
 About the forkéd tongues she deftly bound
 Six golden tongues of birds that make sweet sound,
 And gave the lily's bell for viper's hood.
 Yet somewhat of the serpent still they show,
 Emblems they are of immortality :
 I pluck them, but mine eyes are filled with tears ;
 Within their mottled shells my memory hears
 An echo of the days that cannot die
 Where Iffley's meads with blossom overflow.

HARDWICKE DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY¹ (1850-).

¹ Balliol College, Vicar of Crosthwaite, Keswick, canon of Carlisle ; poet, man of letters, secretary to the National Trust for the Preservation of Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty.

*BALLIOL TO GEORGE STEEVENS*¹

THE buds on the Balliol chestnuts begin to gleam,
All things in the earth that are hidden are moving to life,
But away in the hills, and beyond the Tugela stream,
Where the air still reeks with the scent of the horrible strife,
One heart cannot ever unfold its blossoming store,
One seed that is deep in the earth is stirred no more.

True knight in the armour of honour that shone like the sun,
Whose pen was a sword double-edged to save or to slay,
Young victor of worlds ! with your triumph but just begun,
Ah ! Steevens, this is our grief that you could not stay,
To show that the humble of heart are the great of soul,
To prove that the lovers of Britain have good for goal.

¹ War Correspondent of the *Daily Mail*; he died at Ladysmith of enteric fever.

For you were a child of a time when your Fatherland
Felt power, and feared as it felt it was unto
death,

When the Titan stretched to the end of the world
a hand,

And quailed and doubtingly drew imperial breath,
And you had a message to bid his heart not fear,
If only the heart were right, and the soul sincere.

Gallant and generous, kindly to others who fail,
Others you praised, to yourself relentless and
stern,

Whether word-painter you told your Indian tale,
Or followed the fortune of war to old Nilus urn,
Keen-eyed adventurer, simple, selfless, and pure,
Tempered in mind like a blade, to smite and endure.

Now is the sword in a scabbard that none can draw,
There in the dark and the dumbness of Ladysmith
dust;

But some of the sorrow we see your brave eyes saw,
For some of the joy you are seeing, we wait and
trust,

And here as we crown you, truth-teller of battles,
the king,

We hope with your hope for the nation's promise of
spring.

HARDWICKE DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY (1850-).

AFTER THE OXFORD PAGEANT

ONCE more the quiet Cherwell moves among
 Her willows, fearless of fierce Algar's crew,
 The swallow flies unscared where once she flew,
 And Magdalen meads are glad with blackbird song ;
 But memory still the vision would prolong,
 Sees Harold crowned—the lover wave adieu
 To his Red Rose—the flashing retinue
 Of Kings and Queens, and joins St. Giles' throng.

Yet needs must memory falter blind for tears,
 To watch old Time the Tyrant o'er the stream,
 Drive forward all the glorious happy rout ;
 To think how in the silence of the years
 Their place forgotten and their name put out,
 This multitude shall vanish like a dream !

HARDWICKE DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY (1850—).

IN MEMORIAM

BENJAMIN JOWETT—MASTER OF BALLIOL

DEAR Master you of Balliol farewell,
 Head white as winter, face as fresh as May,
 Hushed is the fragile voice that used to say
 Wise words which out of silence weightier fell.
 I hear the melancholy funeral bell
 Dark crowds are filling Oxford's Broadest Way,
 Death takes a Master from our head to-day
 But leaves his love with us on earth to dwell.

Heedless of fame a thorny path you trod,
 You threw the gates of learning far apart,
 You trimmed the lamp of tolerance in night,
 You took those mighty Grecians to your heart,
 You blessed us with their reasonable light,
 You showed how love of truth leads home to God.

HARDWICKE DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY (1850-).

THOMAS HILL GREEN

OXFORD, MARCH 26, 1882

From *Valete*

HUSHED be the bells of all his city towers,
 We need no sound to swell the deep 'alas !'
 Let Isis move unsobbing through the grass,
 The sun shine still upon the Nuneham flowers.
 He was of those rare hearts whom nature dowers
 With unassuming quietude, his glass
 Turned all reflection inwards, men might pass
 Nor know the depth and splendour of his powers.

Hew him of granite, granite was his mind,
 Give him the sword, for trenchant was his thrust,
 And cast these purblind late philosophies
 Prone at his feet who trod them into dust.
 Then write him, 'Patriot that no bribes could blind,
 Prophet of Truth, sure Teacher of the Wise.'

HARDWICKE DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY (1850-).

OXFORD IN MAY

WHAT city boasts herself the peer of thee,
 Dear Oxford, when the mist of morning clings
 Round Magdalen elms, or when the even flings
 Her rosy robe on river, hill, and lea ?
 The spirit of the summer rises free
 From winter sleep, and spreads her silver wings,
 The sunny sky holds dreams of nobler things,
 Dreams drifting helmless on a fairy sea !
 In the green distance smites through cloister doors
 The swift and rhythmic throb of racing oars,
 The shout of victory and of defeat.
 Oxford is Oxford most when May is May,
 And Cherwell oarsmen pluck the hawthorn spray
 From trees unpruned that shelter stripling wheat.

JAMES WILLIAMS¹ (1851-).

OXFORD IN MATTHEW ARNOLD'S TIME

From *Essays of Poets and Poetry*

A CONTEMPORARY at Oxford, afterwards a country clergyman, and fond, in a not unbefitting clerical way, of sport, would often recall with pleasure how he and Matthew Arnold used to go rook-shooting together as undergraduates. The poet, indeed, always liked shooting, though a poor shot. ‘ Need

¹ Lincoln College. Reader in Roman Law in the University.

I say that I am passionately fond of the Colchian bird,' he writes in one of his letters. His own account of his Oxford time bears out this and similar reminiscences. 'I and my friends,' he used to say, 'lived in Oxford as in a great country house.' It was not altogether a bad way; it was a way, moreover, more natural and possible in the little old unreformed Oxford of those times than in the residential, many-villa'd city of to-day.

It is not difficult to imagine what Arnold's life at this period was. . . . And the place! The pleasant country still ran up to the walls and gates of the colleges. No fringe of mean or commonplace suburbs interposed between the coronal of spires and towers and its green setting. It was the Oxford of William Turner's paintings and Ingram's *Memorials*; the Oxford still unspoiled, which Mr. Mackail so charmingly describes in his *Life of William Morris*, where children gathered violets within bow shot of Magdalen Tower. There were 'our young barbarians all at play'; and Arnold played a good deal with them. 'Bullingdon and hunting' were well known to him . . . The 'Hurst in spring', the 'lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors', the 'causeway chill', 'the line of festal light in Christ Church Hall,' seen from the Cumnor slope, the 'wide fields of breezy grass' above Godstow, 'where many a scythe in sunshine flames'; . . . the 'wood which hides the daffodil', 'the frail-leaf'd white anemone,' the 'red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet,' the 'Fyfield elm' and the 'distant Wychwood bowers'—these last not known as a rule, even to poetical

undergraduates—Arnold knew them all ; and it was now that he learned to know them, roaming on foot with *Thyrsis*, or some other congenial studious friend, but also at times ‘ rejoicing in life and the sunshine ’, as *Thyrsis* himself sings, and joining the jovial and merry bands of Oxford riders and oarsmen.

In later days his visits to these haunts grew, perforce, more rare, though his letters tell us that he always loved them, especially what he has called so delightfully ‘ the green-muffled Cumnor hills ’. It was now that he became Oxford’s poet *par excellence*. For Oxford,—most poetical of universities and cities,—has produced, strangely enough, few poets. She had few, indeed, worthy of the name until the last century. In the earlier half of the last century she ‘ turned out ’, as Mr. Swinburne says, ‘ in more senses than one,’—two at least, of real note. In the last half of that century, and at the present time, it is true, she was and is comparatively rich. But if she had to wait long, she was at length rewarded when she found in Arnold a poet who made her territory literally ‘ classic ground ’, teaching her sons to love her, and giving a language to their love.

THOMAS HERBERT WARREN¹ (1853-)

¹ President of Magdalen College, Oxford.

OXFORD

FOR beauty and for romance the first place among all the cities of the United Kingdom must be given to Oxford. There is but one other—Edinburgh—which can lay any serious claim to rival her. . . . But there is a certain solemnity almost amounting to sadness, in the Northern Capital which is altogether absent from the sparkling beauty of the city on the Isis, and from the genius of the place.

The impression that Oxford makes upon those who, familiar with her from early years, have learnt to know and love her in later life is remarkable. Teeming with much that is ancient, she appears the embodiment of youth and beauty. Exquisite in line, sparkling with light and colour, she seems ever bright and young, while her sons fall into decay and perish. '*Alma Mater!*' they cry, and love her for her loveliness, till their dim eyes can look on her no more.

And this is for the reason that the true loveableness of Oxford cannot be learnt at once. As her charms have grown from age to age, so their real appreciation is gradual. Not that she cannot catch the eye of one who sees her for the first time, and, smiling, holds him captive. This she can do now and then ; but even so her new lover has yet to learn her preciousness.

It is worth while to try to understand what are the charms that have grown with her growth. There was a day when in herself Oxford was unlovely to behold,

and when romance had not begun to cling to her like some beautiful diaphanous robe. It is possible to imagine a low-lying cluster of wooden houses forming narrow streets, and occupying the land between the Cherwell and the Isis, nearly a thousand years ago. In those days, no doubt, it was reckoned a town of some importance ; but, with the possible exception of the minster of St. Frideswide, there was nothing to relieve its squalid appearance. Oxford has laid aside the armour which once she had in self-defence to wear, and has clothed herself in lovelier garb.

For him who wants to look upon her as a whole, to realize at once that he is drawing near to one who is all beautiful, everything depends upon the manner of his approach.

It is probably true that the people of a hundred years ago had the best of it.

The coaching days were the best for those who wanted to see what Oxford looked like as a whole. From the top of the London coach as Headington Hill was reached, there must have been, on a summer morning, a minute or two of ecstasy for those who first caught sight of the glittering city at their feet. Not quite so fair a view, but beautiful enough, was theirs who came by way of Cumnor from the Berkshire Downs ; but the coach top was the place, from whichever side the traveller came.

And yet there is something better still. I would have, could I arrange it for my friend, a more gradual approach yet. I would take him off the converging

roads while yet Oxford was unseen. I would lead him in the early morning of a summer day—it must ever be summer—away where the river washes the feet of the old town of Abingdon, and thence by pleasant paths through Sunningwell we would ascend Boar's Hill. There, on a grassy spot, a hanging wood partly revealed below us, we would lie face downwards on the turf, and gaze on Oxford lying far below—the Oxford Turner saw—Oxford in fairy wreaths of light blue haze, which as they part, now here now there, reveal her sparkling beauty. There is no other place so fit to see her first ; no day too long to gaze on her from here, and mark fresh beauties as the shadows change. Here we would lie and marvel at the scene, then let the dreams of days gone by—the days that wove the long romance of Oxford—enthral us, till we hardly know whether time is or was.

FREDERICK DOUGLAS HOW¹ (1853—).

THE SPIRIT OF OXFORD

SOME say thy loveliness is but a tomb
Of ancient loyalties and faith long dead ;
Thy spirit but a faded hour's perfume,
Haunting a shadowy home untenanted ;
Thy heart a harbourage for barks that fled
The freshening wind of change ; thy youth a play,
Unpregnant years of pleasant dream, unread ;
Unripe thy age ; thy beauty reverend, grey,
But with a life outgrown, a look of calm decay.

¹ Trinity College, Oxford.

Though such a thing thou wert, so shadowy, yet
There is a loveliness as dear in death,
There is a grace which blossoms on regret,
A praise for things unpassing, yea a wreath
Immortal for old sweetness saved, a breath
Of benediction, that by life's decease
Love waits embalming, seeking here, beneath
These thy calm hospitalities, new lease
From time's rough trespass free, for liberties of
peace.

Such know but half thy seeming, but the husk
Of age-long liberal growth, the residue
Of thy full spirit. For that dreaming dusk
Lingers an interlude of dawn more true.
Yea in thy youth is living power to mew
Plumage outworn ; and thou dost yearly preen
Wings for a wider freedom, and ensue
Ripe flight to richer fields of freshening green,
And winds of broadening breath, and seasons far,
unseen.

These thy grey cloisters caught the first faint gleam
On slumbering knowledge, from the fire renewed
Of ancient lips ; that old Franciscan's dream,
Nature by patient magic calmly wooed
To coy unveiling ; felt a nobler mood
Waken in Wyclif unto liberal glow
And larger dawn of distant brotherhood ;
Heard of this English the first lisplings low,
Rough-shapen for the spirit's grave and spacious
flow.

These felt the freshening wind of living Greece
Ripely unseal from wisdom's twilight womb
Warm wakening life's humanities ; release
From barren ban free nature ; blend, relume
Things ancient new ; these saw the liberal bloom,
What time the pure flower of an ancient trust
And breathing truth, resurgent from the tomb,
Outgrew the secular shadow and the dust,
The immemorial burden of that Rome august.

Here, when high dreaming's pure essential source,
In each long summer age of soulless drought,
Runs low and shrunken, some prophetic force
Wells from the spirit deep, and floodeth out
Fruitful. When barren winds of wintry doubt
Blow withering, listless round a languid earth,
Ever spring visions of a faith devout
Fall dewy softening on the face of dearth,
Breathing new passion's hope and potency of
birth.

So meet and mingle here all ages ; youth
Swayed by the motion of the flowing hour ;
The calm procession of slow-seasoning truth ;
Grey walls that whisper ancientry of power ;
Wild thoughts adrift which pluck a withering
flower ;
Old faiths that cling and loiter in the shade ;
Unvital, surface dreams by bridge and tower ;
Light eddies swirling back dead things decayed ;
Deep currents curving down, unfretful, undelayed.

Here seated, where two currents calmly blent
Move, one full widening water, new and old,
Now in ripe season of enfranchisement,
Bared to all breathing influence, thou dost mould
Life's liberal motion ; here shalt see unfold
Whole human growth, that feels an ancient root,
By time's true spirit quickened and controlled,
And the magic of a broadening light transmute
To full and golden faith her summer's perfect fruit.

REGINALD FANSHAWE¹ (1855-).

A QUIET QUEEN

O H, well might memory leave her shepherd here,
Where in rich vision's cup do widely brim,
On such a day, so calm, divinely clear,
Liquid infinities, from Cotswold dim
To down and Chiltern, one unbroken rim,
Save where the wooded slope of Cumnor Hurst
Cuts the full circle. Better none could limn
Than Corydon such loveliness as nursed
His nature's youth and cooled his clambering spirit's
thirst.

Or following down his steps to Chilswell farm,
By quarry and by dingle, sit or stray,
Where Oxford putteth on her perfect charm,
One central sanctuary of sunlit grey,

¹ New College. Professor of Classics in the University of Bristol. Author of *Corydon, an Elegy*.

Holden undesecrate, by birchen spray
And shortening slope, she sits a quiet queen,
Keeping her pastoral court's sweet country sway ;
Or violet-crowned, in shadow's lovelier sheen
More gracious, fresh she flowers from lap of woodland
green.

Or there, betwixt the wild rose and the oak,
Where, from the cloistered coppice, as a nun,
Out in the breathing free world shyly broke
That twilight lane ; where, billowing in the sun,
The barley dips ; where footless shadows run
Down hedge and hill ; and lo, dome, towers and
spire
Flashed as a spirit city softly spun
Of fancy's fabric, blanched with a ghostly fire,
Against the woodland blue, a faint enchanted
choir.

REGINALD FANSHAW (1855-).

THE BURDEN OF ITYS

IT was a dream, the glade is tenantless,
No soft Ionian laughter moves the air,
The Thames creeps on in sluggish leadenness,
And from the copse left desolate and bare
Fled is young Bacchus with his revelry,
Yet still from Nuneham Wood there comes that
thrilling melody

So sad, that one might think a human heart
Brake in each separate note, a quality
Which music sometimes has, being the art
Which is most nigh to tears and memory ;
Poor mourning Philomel, what dost thou fear ?
Thy sister doth not haunt these fields, Pandion is
not here,

Here is no cruel Lord with murderous blade,
No woven web of bloody heraldries,
But mossy dells for roving comrades made,
Warm valleys where the tirèd student lies
With half-shut book, and many a winding walk
Where rustic lovers stray at eve in happy simple talk.

The harmless rabbit gambols with its young
Across the trampled towing-path, where late
A troop of laughing boys in jostling throng
Cheered with their noisy cries the racing eight ;
The gossamer, with ravelled silver threads,
Works at his little loom, and from the dusky red-
eaved sheds

Of the lone farm a flickering light shines out
Where the swinked shepherd drives his bleating
flock
Back to their wattled sheep-cotes, a faint shout
Comes from some Oxford boat at Sandford lock,
And starts the moor-hen from the sedgy rill,
And the dim lengthening shadows flit like swallows
up the hill.

The heron passes homeward to the mere,
The blue mist creeps among the shivering trees,
Gold world by world the silent stars appear,
And like a blossom blown before the breeze
A white moon drifts across the shimmering sky,
Mute arbitress of all thy sad, thy rapturous
threnody.

.
Ah ! the brown bird has ceased : one exquisite
trill

About the sombre woodland seems to cling
Dying in music, else the air is still ;
So still that one might hear the bat's small
wing
Wander, and wheel above the pines, or tell
Each tiny dew-drop dripping from the bluebell's
brimming cell.

And far away across the lengthening wold,
Across the willowy flats and thickets brown,
Magdalen's tall tower tipped with tremulous gold
Marks the long High Street of the little town,
And warns me to return ; I must not wait,
Hark ! 'tis the curfew booming from the bell at
Christ Church gate.

OSCAR WILDE¹ (1856-1900).

¹ Magdalen College, Oxford. Poet and dramatist.

ASPECTS OF MODERN OXFORD

IT never seems to be quite clear whether we are going too fast or too slow. We are always reforming something, yet are continually reproached with irrational conservatism. Change and permanence are side by side, permanence that looks as if it could defy time.

“The form remains, the function never dies,” and yet all the while the change is rapid and complete. Men go down, and are as if they had never been. As is the race of leaves so is that of undergraduates; and so transiently are they linked with the enduring existence of their University, that, except in the case of the minority . . . they either pass immediately out of recollection, or else remain only as a dim and distant tradition of bygone ages.

• • • • •
Whatever be the reason—whether it be environment or heredity—Universities go on doing the same things, only in different ways. They retain that indefinable habit of thought which seems to cling to old grey walls, and the shade of ancient elms. . . .

There is the same kind of unalterableness about the few favoured individuals to whom the spirit of the age has allowed a secure and permanent residence in Oxford; a happy class which is now almost limited to Heads of Houses, and College servants. You scarcely ever see a scout bearing the outward and

visible signs of advancing years ; age cannot wither them. . . . Perhaps it is they who are the repositories of tradition. And even Fellows contrive to retain some of the characteristics of their more permanent predecessors, whom we have now learnt to regard as abuses. Hard-worked though they are, and precarious of tenure, they are nevertheless in some sort imbued with that flavour of humanity, and *dolce far niente*, which continues to haunt even a Common Room where Fellows drink nothing but water, and only dine together once a fortnight.

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 There is a season of the year when even the sternest scholar or athlete, and the most earnest promoter of Movements, yields to the *genius loci* ; when the summer term is drawing to a close, and the May east winds have yielded to the warmth of June, and the lilacs and laburnums are blossoming in College gardens ; when the shouting and the glory and the bonfires of the Eights are over, and the invasion of Commemoration has not yet begun.

ALFRED DENIS GODLEY¹ (1856-).

LAST MAY-DAY

MAY-DAY is gone, we go on different ways,
 This is the last of all our old May-days ;
 But separate or together scarce our feet
 Will find another pathway quite so sweet.

¹ Balliol and Magdalen Colleges, author of *Oxford in the Eighteenth Century*, and *Aspects of Modern Oxford*.

Will you remember, as the days go on,
The trees that budded and the fields that shone,
While overhead the burning afternoon
Glowed as if May had caught the heart of June,
And filled the curving river-spaces lone
With scent of rose and hawthorn yet unblown ?
Under strange softness as of southern skies
Spring paused and lingered with reverted eyes,
And in mid pulse and passion of the year
Stayed for a moment's flight, that earth might hear
In all her windy heights and hollow vales
The sweet, sad echo of last year's nightingales ;
Might hear the undistinguishable sea,
Might feel hot scent of thyme abundantly
On downs where utmost August burned the wheat
And blood-red poppies faint with heavy heat.

So swiftly with the swift-descending day
The river's coils unwound, and gave us way ;
Where westward lay the level meads unrolled,
Made multitudinous with marsh-marigold.
And evermore the boat's swift shade outran
The ripple of the wavering water wan ;
The banks drew backward, and the ripple spread ;
The light spray from the oar-blades diamonded
The sleeping water, where the lilies grew
Tall golden-green among the gold-shot blue.
Thus we sped onward as the sun drew down,
And passed the willows, and drew near the town.
Deep in the east a single planet pale
Glimmered against the misty purple veil,

When many bells at once began to ring.
And so we parted about lamplighting,
And the sweet day was dead : and from afar
Calm and disconsolate the evening star
Trembled south-westward in a grey-green sky
Where yet the last dim orange lingeringly
Glowed faint and fainter : then the darkness fell
Fold upon fold, till hardly visible
The spires stood out against the starlit night.
The heaven of heavens stood open to the sight
Bared for a space : and softly over all
Low sound went echoing, like theplash and fall
Of breaking waves upon a moonlit strand
In some forgotten and forgetful land.

JOHN WILLIAM MACKAIL¹ (1859—).

OXFORD, 1853–5

From *The Life of William Morris*.

THE Oxford in which Morris and Burne-Jones began their residence at the end of January, 1853, was still in all its main aspect a mediæval city, and the name (in Morris's own beautiful words) roused, as it might have done at any time within the four generations then ended, 'a vision of grey-roofed houses, and a long winding street, and the sound of many bells.' The railway was there, but had not yet produced its far-reaching effects. From

¹ Balliol College, Professor of Poetry, Oxford, author of *Latin Literature*, and *The Life of William Morris*.

all other sides : down the plunging slope of Headington ; along the seven-bridged Bath and Gloucester Road, where it trails through the marshes from the skirts of Cumnor ; across the Yarnton meadows ; over the low stone hills, with their grey villages, that enfold the valley of the Cherwell, one still approached it as travellers had done for hundreds of years, and saw its towers rise through masses of foliage straight out of the girdle of meadow or orchard. ‘On all sides, except when it touched the railway,’ writes Sir Edward Burne-Jones, ‘the city came to an end abruptly as if a wall had been about it, and you came suddenly upon the meadows. There was little brick in the city ; it was either grey with stone, or yellow with the wash of the pebble-cast in the poorer streets, where there were still many old houses with wood carving, and a little sculpture here and there.’ Instead of all the meshes of suburb, hideous in gaunt brickwork and blue slate, that now envelop three sides of Oxford, there were but two outlying portions. These still remain distinguishable among the environing changes ; the little faubourgs of St. Clement’s beyond Magdalen Bridge, St. Thomas’s beyond the bailey-gate of the Castle, each with its tiny High Street, and its inconspicuous corporate life. A few streets of small houses had grown up round the Clarendon Press, since its establishment in the remote meadows beyond Worcester. Children gathered violets on the Iffley Road within sight of Magdalen. Within the city the modern rage of building had barely begun. The colleges stood much as they had

done since the great building epoch of last century, which enriched Oxford with the church of All Saints, the new buildings of Magdalen, and the façade of Queen's. The University Museum was projected, but not yet begun ; beyond the grey garden walls of St. John's and Wadham all was unbroken country, and the large residential suburb, and the immense pleasure-ground that take their name from Fairfax's artillery parks were meadows and market gardens. The Taylorian Institute and Galleries in Beaumont Street, not then over-shadowed by the sprawling bulk of the Randolph Hotel, were the only new buildings in Oxford of any importance. The common street architecture was still largely that of the fifteenth century.

Nor in its inner life did Oxford retain less of an old world air, and of fashions and ideas that had lingered out of an earlier day. But the continuity of life and thought is measured by decades, where that of buildings is by centuries ; and the farthest tradition that survived in the colleges was that of the stagnant sterility of the eighteenth century. Routh, who had known Dr. Johnson, still retained the presidency of Magdalen, to which he had been elected before the French Monarchy had been abolished by the Revolution. During the second half of his long headship the Oxford movement had come and gone. Reaching its climax about the year 1840, it had begun its decline after the secession of Newman in October, 1845, and though it still continued a force of prodigious importance, other move-

ments were ranging up alongside of it, and it was suffering the law of all mutable things. The very life and expansive force of the movement, which made Oxford a missionary centre for the whole country, had laid Oxford itself open to invasion by the outer world and by new ideas. Reform was everywhere in the air. A formidable Liberal reaction had set in, directed almost equally against the pretensions of the Anglo-Catholic School and the privileges of the old-established system. Congreve had founded a small but ardent school of Comtists at Wadham. Jowett had become the leading force at Balliol, and was thought certain of the reversion of the mastership. The younger fellows of Oriel were nearly all advanced Liberals. Oxford had at a thousand points become inextricably attached to the outer world. The railway mania of 1846, when gambling in shares became more exciting than theological controversy, is said to have completed the work begun by the shock of Newman's secession.

Left to itself Oxford would have slipped back into the lethargy out of which it had been so unwillingly awakened by the Tractarian movement. But it was too late. The ferment struck root deep. The modern city, with its tramways and electric lighting, its whirlwind of building up and pulling down, its tragic comedies of extension and modernization, is the realized effect of a vast and complex body of influences which were then seething under the surface. Still the Oxford of 1853 breathed from its towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages; and still it

offered to its most ardent disciples, who came to it as to some miraculous place, full of youthful enthusiasm, thirsting after knowledge and beauty, the stony welcome that Gibbon had found at Magdalen, that Shelley had found at University, in the days of the ancient order.

JOHN WILLIAM MACKAIL (1859-).

EPILOGUE TO *MENSÆ SECUNDÆ*.

O MOTHER Oxford, unto whom we cry
 Through all the passing loves and light desires
 Of changing seasons ; whom the toil that tires,
 The years that sever, and the griefs that sigh,
 Have no dominion over ; who dost lie
 Ever serene and fair, when morning fires
 Thy silent pinnacles, or when thy spires
 Stand flushed with sunset in the evening sky :

Take in this dark November bare of flowers
 Rough gleanings from the plashy meadow lands,
 Not that our song but that thy face is sweet ;
 So be that for thy sake, if not for ours,
 May find their place in no unkindly hands
 These gifts we lay, O Mother, at thy feet.

JOHN WILLIAM MACKAIL (1859-)

From the DEDICATION to
CONFERENCES ON BOOKS AND MEN
By the Author of *Pages from a Private Diary*.

IN that old spring when I was young,
At Oxford, many a song was sung,
And undergraduate friends were willing
To buy them printed for a shilling.

Our songs were all of Oxford's bliss,
Her spires, her streams, her mysteries ;
Of Love, and Death, and Change, and Fate,—
As known to the Undergraduate.

Since then full twenty years are sped,
And most are married, some are dead ;
Some sit as Ministers of State ;
And some as priests beg at their gate.

In all, the pulses fainter beat
And will not move in metric feet ;
Despatches, sermons,—whatso goes
Into their brain comes out as prose.

Yet still their ink will flush to flame,
If chance permits it, *Oxford's* name ;
Still have they won the meed of wit,
If *Oxford* reads what they have writ.

But should the Undergraduate read,
O heart, then fame is fame indeed ;
The o'ertasked, ingenuous brow to smooth
Once more, is to renew one's youth.

Then pardon, Sir, if I am bold
To offer, when the blood is cold,
Tame spirits of a parergic pen
To you, who taste both books and men.

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING¹ (1859—)

*PRINCIPLES AND METHODS OF
UNIVERSITY REFORM*

I HAVE felt that the Chancellor is, in truth, not so much the foremost official, as the first servant of the University, who, in such a case, may without impertinence act as the interpreter of its sentiments and endeavour to fuse and give form to the best of its ideas. . . .

A greater injustice could not be done to modern Oxford than to represent it as the home of stationary forces or ideas. . . .

Our object accordingly should be to establish contact and to create harmony between the most enlightened opinion within and without ; and to present such a view of the responsibilities and resources of the University as shall convince the nation at large that Oxford is as capable now as ever—nay, more so—of fulfilling its traditional part as the focus of the best educational activities, the highest civic

¹ Balliol College, Canon of Westminster.

aspirations, and the most advanced thought of the age and the race. . . .

In educating the so-called upper classes, may we not claim that Oxford is fulfilling a duty every whit as national and imperial as in stretching her resources to the uttermost for the assistance of the poor ? Much denunciation has been heaped, ever since Mark Pattison's day, upon the wealthy pass-man, who is supposed to devote to sport all the time that he can spare from the neglect of learning. In so far as he is convicted of idleness, let him be taken in hand, and reformed. . . . But in so far as he represents a particular stratum in the national life, it is important that he too should not be denied the advantages of a University course. It is as desirable that Oxford should educate the future country squire, or nobleman, or banker, or member of Parliament, or even the guardsman, as it is that it should sharpen the wits of the schoolmaster or the cultivated artizan.

In discussing the circumstances of Oxford it has been impossible not to frame some conception of the functions which a University—so historical in its character, and so majestic in its influence—should perform. A fourfold duty lies upon it : to provide the best teaching over the entire field of knowledge of which its own resources and the progress of science may admit ; to offer this teaching to the widest range of students ; to mould and shape them, not merely by the training of intellect but by the discipline of spirit, so that, wherever they go, they may be worthy

citizens or worthy servants of the State ; and to extend by original inquiry the frontiers of learning. In other words, we desire that Oxford should supply a focus of culture, a school of character, and a nursery of thought.

CURZON OF KEDLESTON¹ (1859—).

*MAGDALEN GARDENS AND MAGDALEN
BRIDGE*

From *Love in Idleness*

I

HERE in these walks where May brings June to birth

Peace reigns and rest ; these leafy aisles are free
From harm of axe and hammer—every tree
Dense-clad with summer, and shrill-tongued with mirth.

Spirit of beauty, very God on earth,
Earth loves thee ever and is loved of thee ;
Is it by man alone that thou must see
Wrong done thee, thankless change and theft and dearth ?

Nay, but thou lovedst us too, in days gone by.
Wilt thou not turn and visit us in pity,
Here where thou once wast wont to show thy face
To those whose sons forget thee or deny,
Before they have destroyed thy holy city
And quite laid waste what was thy dwelling-place ?

¹ Balliol College, Fellow of All Souls, late Viceroy of India, Chancellor of Oxford University.

II

O ye philanthropists of wills and powers
 Well nigh divine, who would make all things new
 In earth and heaven, and almost do it too ;
 Ye men of progress, who would plant the bowers
 Of Eden with your villas, and its flowers
 Uproot that you might run a tramway through,
 To serve mankind and swell your revenue :
 Will you leave nothing good we may call ours ?

O yes ; we know your mission is to bless,
 And we are sick with selfish fantasies,
 And *When men ask for bread we give a stone*,
 Only we have a scripture of our own
 Which saith *Man shall not live by bread alone*
 Even in your fire-new howling wilderness.

BOWYER NICHOLS¹ (1859—).

MAGDALEN WALKS IN WINTER

From Waifs and Strays

A SHEET of water set about with trees,
 Bare branches black against the evening sky,
 And black reflected in the leaden mere ;
 The chill forbidding waters seem to freeze
 Save when an outcast wind unwillingly
 Shudders across their surface as in fear.

¹ Balliol College.

Out to the west the sky is dusky red,
 And cleft in sunder by that lovely tower
 Crowns its dim pinnacles with one dim star ;
 Lo ! for a signal that the day is dead
 The chapel bells toll out and tell the hour,
 Answered by city echoes from afar.

Winter is passing by us where we stand ;
 Can you not hear his footfall on the mould
 And catch his breathing through the twilight air ?
 All things are dumb and patient to his hand,
 Whose guerdon is the darkness and the cold,
 The cold like death and darkness like despair.

BOWYER NICHOLS (1859-).

*PROSPECTUS TO THE FIRST NUMBER
 OF THE OXFORD MAGAZINE, 1883*

CITY of streams, O City of one stream
 Whose flood is generations, yet whose haste
 Mirrors thy peace, a far-derivèd dream,
 Outstanding Time above the waters' waste,
 Grey walls and shining courts and ringing towers !
 There is a yearly burden of dead leaves
 That cumbers all thy streams, and that one too,
 Things the frost takes before the fever weaves,
 Things that were never old and never new,
 With power to rot, and with no other powers.
 But take this seedling, by the waterside
 Set, like the good man, to be evergreen ;

And give it sap and substance from that tide,
Still fleeting through the hush of what has been,
 And give it weekly growth of fruit and flowers.
We may be gone away, or laid a low,
Fulfilled of fears or justified of joys ;
New hands shall write, and other hearts shall know
Our zest in these the annals of our noise,
 Our longings for the Oxford that is ours.

DUGALD SUTHERLAND MCCOLL¹ (1859—).

THE THREAD OF GOLD

OXFORD

I MEAN to try and make a little hymn in prose in honour of Oxford, a city I have seen but seldom, and which yet appears to me one of the most beautiful things in the world.

I do not wish to single out particular buildings, but to praise the whole effect of the place, such as it seemed to me on a day of bright sun and cool air, when I wandered hour after hour seeing the streets, bewildered and almost intoxicated with beauty, feeling as a poor man might who has pinched all his life, and made the most of single coins, and who is brought into the presence of a heap of piled-up gold, and told that it is all his own. . . . I remember myself, as a child, visiting Oxford, and thinking that some of the buildings were almost shamefully ruinous of aspect ; now that I am wiser I know that we have in these battered and fretted palace-fronts a kind of beauty that

¹ Lincoln College.

fills the mind with an almost despairing sense of loneliness, till the heart aches with gratitude, and thrills with the desire to proclaim the glory of the sight aloud.

These black-fronted blistered façades, so threatening, so sombre, yet screening so bright and clear a current of life ; with the tender green of budding spring trees, chestnuts full of silvery spires, glossy-leaved creepers clinging, with tiny hands, to cornice and parapet, give surely the sharpest and most delicate sense that it is possible to conceive of the contrast on which the essence of so much beauty depends. To pass through one of these dark and smoke-stained courts, with every line mellowed and harmonized, as if it had grown up so out of the earth ; to find oneself in a sunny pleasure, carpeted with velvet turf, and set thick with flowers, makes the spirit sigh with delight. Nowhere in the world can one see such a thing as those great gate-piers, with a cognizance a-top, with a grille of ironwork between them, all sweetly entwined with some slim vagrant creeper, that give a glimpse and a hint—no more—of a fairy-land of shelter and fountains within. I have seen such palaces stand in quiet and stately parks, as old, as majestic, as finely proportioned as the buildings of Oxford ; but the very blackness of the city air, and the drifting smoke of the town, give that added touch of grimness and mystery that the country airs cannot communicate. And even fairer sights are contained within ; those panelled, dark-roofed halls, with their array of portraits gravely and intently eyeing the stranger ; the chapels, with their splendid

classical screens and stalls, rich and dim with ancient glass. The towers, domes, and steeples ; and all set, not in a mere paradise of lawns and glades, but in the very heart of a city, itself full of quaint and ancient houses, but busy with all the activity of a brisk and prosperous town ; thereby again giving the strong and satisfying sense of contrast, the sense of eager and everyday cares and pleasures, side by side with these secluded havens of peace, the courts and cloisters, where men may yet live a life of gentle thought and quiet contemplation, untroubled, nay even stimulated, by the presence of a bustling life so near at hand, which yet may not intrude upon the older dream.

Even apart from the buildings, which are after all but the body of the place, the soul of Oxford, its inner spirit, is what lends it its satisfying charm. On the one hand, it gives the sense of the dignity of the intellect ; one reflects that here can be lived lives of stately simplicity, of high enthusiasm apart from personal wealth, and yet surrounded by enough of seemly dignity to give life the charm of grave order and quiet solemnity. Here are opportunities for peaceful and congenial work, to the sound of melodious bells ; uninterrupted hours, as much society of a simple kind as a man can desire, and the whole with a background of exquisite buildings and rich gardens. And then, too, there is the tide of youthful life that floods every corner of the place. It is an endless pleasure to see the troops of slim and alert young figures, full of enjoyment and life, with all the best

gifts of life, health, work, amusement, society, friendship, lying ready to their hand. The sense of this beating and thrilling pulse of life circulating through these sombre and splendid buildings is what gives the place its inner glow ; this life full of hope, of sensation, of emotion, not yet shadowed or disillusioned or weary, seems to be as the fire on the altar, throwing up its sharp darting tongues of flame, its clouds of fragrant smoke, giving warmth and significance and a fiery heart to a sombre shrine.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON¹ (1862-).

ALMA MATER

K NOW you her secret none can utter ?
Hers of the Book, the tripled Crown ?
Still on the spire the pigeons flutter ;
Still by the gateway flits the gown :
Still on the street, from corbel and gutter,
Faces of stone look down.

Faces of stone, and other faces ;
Some from library windows wan
Forth on her gardens, her green spaces
Peer, and turn to their books anon.
Hence, my Muse, from the green oases
Gather the tent, begone !

¹ Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, author of *The House of Quiet*, *The Upton Letters*, *The Altar Fire*, &c.

Nay, should she by the pavement linger,
Under the rooms where once she played,
Who from the feast would rise to fling her
One poor sou for her serenade ?
One poor laugh for the antic finger
Thrumming a lute-string frayed ?
Once, my dear—but the world was young then—
Magdalen elms and Trinity limes,
Lissom the oars and backs that swung then,
Eight good men in the good old times;
Eight good men, and the chorus flung then,
Under St. Mary's chimes !

Reins lay loose and the ways led random,
Christ Church meadow and Iffley track,
'Idleness horrid and dog-cart' (tandem)
Aylesbury grind and Bicester pack,
Pleasant our lines, and, faith ! we scanned 'em ;
Having that artless knack.

Come, old limmer, the times grow colder :
Leaves of the creeper redder and fall.
Was it a hand, then, clapped my shoulder ?
Only the wind by the chapel wall.
Dead leaves drift on thy lute : so fold her
Under thy faded shawl.

Never we wince though none deplore us,
We who go reaping that we sowed ;
Cities at cock-crow wake before us,
Hey, for the lilt of the London road !
One look back, and a rousing chorus !
Never a palinode !

Still on her spire the pigeons hover ;
Still by her gateway haunts the gown ;
Ah, but her secret ? You, young lover,
Drumming her old ones forth from town,
Know you the secret none discover ?
Tell it when *you* go down.

Yet if at length you seek her, prove her,
Lean to her whispers never so nigh ;
Yet if at last, not less her lover,
You in your hansom leave the High ;
Down from her towers one ray shall hover,
Touch you a passer-by.

ARTHUR THOMAS QUILLER-COUCH¹ (1863—).

THE SHIP OF STARS

THE gardens lay below him ; smooth turf flanked with a border of gay flowers, flanked on the other side with yews; and beyond the yews with an avenue of limes, and beyond these with tall elms. A straight gravelled walk divided the turf. At the end of it two yews of magnificent spread guarded a great iron gate. Beyond these the chimneys and battlements of Wadham College stood grey against the pale eastern sky, and over them the larks were singing.

So this was Oxford ; more beautiful than all his dreams ! And since his examination would not begin until to-morrow, he had a whole long day to make

¹ Trinity College, Oxford, man of letters.

acquaintance with her. Half a dozen times he had to interrupt his dressing to run and gaze out of the window, skipping back when he heard Blenkiron's tread on the staircase. And at breakfast again he must jump up and examine the door. Yes, there was a second door outside—a heavy *oak*—just as his father had described. What stories had he heard about these oaks! He was handling this one almost idolatrously when Blenkiron appeared suddenly at the head of the stairs. Blenkiron was good enough to explain at some length how the door worked, while Taffy, who did not need his instruction in the least, blushed to the roots of his hair.

For, indeed, it was like first love, this adoration of Oxford; shamefast, shy of its own raptures; so shy indeed that when he put on his hat, and walked out into the streets, he could not pluck up courage to ask his way. Some of the colleges he recognized from his father's description; of one or two he discovered the names by peeping through their gateways and reading the notices pinned up by the porters' lodges, for it never occurred to him that he was free to step inside and ramble through the quadrangles. He wondered where the river lay, and where Magdalen, and where Christ Church. He passed along the Turl and down Brasenose Lane, and at the foot of it, beyond the great chestnut tree leaning over Exeter wall, the vision of noble square, the dome of the Radcliffe, and St. Mary's spire caught his breath and held him gasping. His feet took him by the gate of Brasenose and across the High. On the further

pavement he halted, round-eyed, held at gaze by the beauty of the Virgin's porch, with the creeper drooping like a veil over its twisted pillars.

High up, white pigeons wheeled round the spire or fluttered from niche to niche, and a queer fancy took him that they were the souls of the carved saints up there, talking to one another above the city's traffic. At length he withdrew his eyes, and reading the name 'Oriel Street' on an angle of the wall above him, passed down a narrow by-lane in search of further wonders.

ARTHUR THOMAS QUILLER-COUCH (1863-).

OXFORD NIGHTS

A BOUT the august and ancient Square,
 Cries the wild wind ; and through the air,
 The blue night air, blows keen and chill :
 Else, all the night sleeps, all is still.
 Now, the lone Square is blind with gloom :
 Now, on that clustering chestnut bloom,
 A cloudy moonlight plays, and falls
 In glory upon Bodley's walls :
 Now, wildlier yet, while moonlight pales,
 Storm the tumultuary gales.
 O rare divinity of Night !
 Season of undisturbed delight :
 Glad interspace of day and day !
 Without, a world of winds at play :
 Within, I hear what dead friends say.
 Blow, winds ! and round that perfect Dome,
 Wail as you will, and sweep, and roam :

Above St. Mary's carven home,
Struggle, and smite to your desire
The sainted watchers on her spire :
Or in the distance vex your power
Upon mine own New College tower.
You hurt not these ! On me and mine,
Clear candlelights in quiet shine :
My fire lives yet ! nor have I done
With Smollett, nor with Richardson :
With, gentlest of the martyrs ! Lamb,
Whose lover I, long lover, am :
With Gray, whose gracious spirit knew
The sorrows of art's lonely few,
With Fielding, great, and strong, and tall,
Sterne, exquisite, equivocal ;
Goldsmith, the dearest of them all :
While Addison's demure delights
Turn Oxford, into Attic, nights.
Still Trim and Parson Adams keep
Me better company, than sleep :
Dark sleep, who loves not me ; nor I
Love well her nightly death to die,
And in her haunted chapels lie.
Sleep wins me not ; but from his shelf
Brings me each wit his very self.
Beside my chair the great ghosts throng,
Each tells his story, sings his song :
And in the ruddy fire I trace
The curves of each Augustan face.
I sit at Doctor Primrose' board :
I hear Beau Tibbs discuss a lord.

Mine, Matthew Bramble's pleasant wrath,
Mine all the humours of the Bath.
Sir Roger, and the Man in Black,
Bring me the Golden Ages back.
Now white Clarissa meets her fate,
With virgin will inviolate ;
Now Lovelace wins us with a smile,
Lovelace, adorable and vile.
I taste, in slow alternate way,
Letters of Lamb, letters of Gray ;
Nor lives there, beneath Oxford towers,
More joy, than in my silent hours.
Dream, who love dreams ! forget all grief :
Find, in sleep's nothingness, relief :
Better my dreams ! Dear, human books,
With kindly voices, winning looks !
Enchaunt me with your spells of art,
And draw me homeward to your heart :
Till weariness and things unkind
Seem but a vain and passing wind :
Till the grey morning slowly creep
Upward, and rouse the birds from sleep :
Till Oxford bells the silence break,
And find me happier, for your sake.
Then, with the dawn of common day,
Rest you ! But I, upon my way,
What the Fates bring, will cheerlier do,
In days not yours, through thoughts of you.

LIONEL JOHNSON¹ (1867-1902).

¹ New College, poet.

OXFORD : TO ARTHUR GALTON

OVER, the four long years ! And now there rings
One voice of freedom and regret : Farewell !
Now old remembrance sorrows, and now sings :
But song from sorrow, now, I cannot tell.

City of weathered cloister and worn court ;
Grey city of strong towers and clustering spires :
Where art's fresh loveliness would first resort ;
Where lingering art kindled her latest fires.

Where on all hands, wondrous with ancient grace,
Grace touched with age, rise works of goodliest
men :

Next Wykeham's art obtain their splendid place
The zeal of Inigo, the strength of Wren.

Where at each coign of every antique street,
A memory hath taken root in stone.

There, Raleigh shone ; there, toiled Franciscan feet ;
There, Johnson flinched not, but endured, alone.

There, Shelley dreamed his white Platonic dreams,
There, classic Landor threw on Roman thought ;
There, Addison pursued his quiet themes ;
There, smiled Erasmus, and there, Colet taught.

And there, O memory more sweet than all !
Lived he, whose eyes keep yet our passing light ;
Whose crystal lips Athenian speech recall ;
Who wears Rome's purple with least pride, most
right.

That is the Oxford, strong to charm us yet :

Eternal in her beauty and her past.

What, though her soul be vexed ? She can forget

Cares of an hour : only the great things last.

Only the gracious air, only the charm,

And ancient might of true humanities :

These, nor assault of man, nor time, can harm ;

Not these, nor Oxford with her memories.

Together have we walked with willing feet

Gardens of plenteous trees, bowering soft lawn :

Hills, whither Arnold wandered ; and all sweet

June meadows, from the troubling world withdrawn :

Chapels of cedarn fragrance, and rich gloom

Poured from empurpled panes on either hand :

Cool pavements, carved with legends of the tomb ;

Grave haunts, where we might dream, and understand.

Over, the four long years ! And unknown powers

Call to us, going forth upon our way :

Ah ! turn we, and look back upon the towers,

That rose above our lives and cheered the day.

Proud and serene, against the sky, they gleam :

Proud and secure, upon the earth, they stand :

Our city hath the air of a pure dream,

And here indeed is an Hesperian land.

Think of her so ! the wonderful, the fair,
 The immemorial, and the ever young :
 The city, sweet with our forefathers' care ;
 The city, where the Muses all have sung.

Ill times may be ; she hath no thought of time :
 She reigns beside the waters yet in pride.
 Rude voices cry : but in her ears the chime
 Of full sad bells brings back her old springtide.

Like to a queen in pride of place, she wears
 The splendour of a crown in Radcliffe's dome.
 Well fare she, well ! As perfect beauty fares ;
 And those high places, that are beauty's home.

LIONEL JOHNSON (1867-1902).

ALMA MATER

From *Charmides*

ILLUSTRIOUS Mother, patroness of the poor !
 Me, as a child, mid echoing cloisters old,
 Thou in thy love didst nurture and instruct,
 And Charmides : but Charmides no more :
 Though sleeping, still the music of thy bells
 And murmuring rivers mingle with his dreams.
 Ah, famous city, sacred, beautiful,
 Let me but touch thy stones with faltering lips
 And say farewell ; Oh, city of my boyhood,
 My love, my waking soul !

Mother of wisdom,
 In eloquence,—which is silence in the wise—
 I see thy brow, inspired with patient thought,
 Musing upon the mystery of the world :
 Silent is he beside whose grave I stand
 In meditation ; let my deepest praise
 Be silent reverence, while on thee I muse.

GASCOIGNE MACKIE¹ (1867-).

MAGDALEN CHAPEL

From *Charmides*

THE Carfax bell is tolling : the old town
 Lies in a dull June haze : the cloisters,
 Worn down by many a foot, are quiet now :
 The pillars stand a-dreaming, though the hands
 That fashioned them now lie beneath the dust,
 Hushed in forgetfulness : from point to point
 The shadows creep ; and that great judgement-scene,
 Burnt on the western window, is ablaze
 With wrestling figures wrapt in bronzèd flame
 Against the falling sun.

Come ! Charmides,
 Children are we of nature, not of wrath :
 The meadow by the winding river-side,
 The fluttered reeds and flags and feathered grass
 And all the thousand wingèd things of life
 Shall be our playmates, our delight ; till dusk
 Draw down the sun to visit other lands.

GASCOIGNE MACKIE (1867-).

¹ Keble College, Oxford, author of *Charmides* and other books of verse.

*OXFORD*From *Charmides*

UPON a hill I stood, and far below
 Lay the loved city in a silver haze :
 Mine eyes were quick with tears : she lay so fair,
 So passionless, so sad.

'Twas here our fathers
 Drained the waste fen, and with prophetic eye
 Divined a refuge for the soul, and planned
 A green oasis severed from the waste,
 Where each, in cloistered calm and leisur'd shade,
 Might learn of wisdom in the lap of peace :
 Slowly she grew in unobtrusive grace,
 Generous in bounty as in beauty first :
 As showers, as showers of scarlet leaves in autumn,
 The generations scatter : she remains
 Like Niobe, surviving all her sons :
 Shield me, oh Mother ! take back thy wandering child
 Spent with the arrow of Apollo's fire.

GASCOIGNE MACKIE (1867-).

*GODSTOW*From *Charmides*

AND once we rowed together up the river
 To many-gated Godstow, where the stream
 Splits, and upon a tongue of land there stands
 An Inn with willow-bowers. It is a spot
 Where still the flavour of Old Merry England
 Lingers. And softly flowed the silver Thames
 Beside the garden, while we fed the fish.

There mid the twilight and the trellised roses
We sang the ballad of fair Rosamund :
And when at last we loosed the boat, we saw
Above the ruined Nunnery where she sleeps
A star : and from the reeds a mournful gust
Whispered and rippled round the shallow prow
And passed : and all was quiet. At that moment
The mighty Mother touched me, and I felt
The first strong throb of that which rules me still.

GASCOIGNE MACKIE (1867-).

MAY MORNING

From *Charmides*

D^O you remember how, upon May-morning
We climbed the Tower ?—first the broad wooden
flights
And then the spiral steps ; and last the ladder
That led us out into the welcome air ?
It was the custom, you will not forget,
To turn ourselves toward the point of Heaven
Whence light appears. And when the chimes had told
The hour a man might count upon one hand,
A silence fell upon the listening throng
And on the upturned faces of the crowd
Below : a moment's hush : and then the sounds
Of that sweet Latin hymn for Henry's soul
Floated across the sleepy fields : until
The dirge, the river, and the song of birds
And many a sylvan echo mingling, ebbed
And died in waves of woodland harmony.

GASCOIGNE MACKIE (1867-).

THE SHELLEY MEMORIAL

AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD

ABOVE him hangs a sapphire-coloured dome
 Superb with stars : but through the rifted floor
 Breaks like eternity—his metaphor—
 The light beyond. We envy not dead Rome
 His little dust : for here, by fire and foam
 Twice-purged from every stain of mortal wrong,
 The imperishable soul of passionate song,
 Even thy spirit, O Shelley, finds a home !

Here, through the ages, shall thy shrine be shown ;
 Here, vindicated on thy pyre sublime,
 Lifted above the ebb and flow of time,
 The world shall pay thee homage, and shall own
 More strong than privilege and power and pride,
 Genius, of all her martyrs justified.

GASCOIGNE MACKIE (1867-).

THE OXFORD COLLEGES

MANY are the delights of Oxford in spring. What keen pleasure it is to wander along Addison's Walk on one of the first fine days, and discover the earliest primrose or violet of the year, emboldened to come up in that kindly shelter sooner than in any other spot ; to walk by the river from Magdalen Bridge with a soft wind blowing, and catch glimpses of Merton and Christ Church across the broad meadows ; to lie awake on Sunday morning and listen to the

bells calling, deep and low, high and clear, now near, now far. But other seasons have their fascinations too : how pleasant it is to pace the velvet lawns of St. John's on a morning in early summer, when brilliant clusters of flowers stand out against the grey walls, and a wood-pigeon murmurs in the tree tops ; to join in the tense excitement of the Eights, and watch the long slim boats, manned by Oxford's best oarsmen, strive to overtake one another, to encouraging shouts from friends and admirers thronging the banks and gaily-decked barges ; and afterwards to steal into the twilight of Magdalen Chapel and hear evensong rendered by one of the most perfect choirs in England. Then there are the joys of Commemoration Week, when ancient colleges, once hushed in monastic silence, echo with dance-music and gay laughter, their dark quads aglow with coloured lanterns, and their quiet cloisters with the shimmer of silk and satin. Later in the year, too, when the red flush of autumn has stolen over the creepers, how sweet it is to stand in the great quadrangle at Christ Church, and watch the sunset glow on walls and towers ; and, when it has faded, pass into the inner quad, and in the darkness outside the lighted windows of the chapel, listen to the organ within.

ELSIE M. LANG (1868-).

SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT IFFLEY

HERE lie the quiet dead—gems buried deep
 Beside the church antique that crowns the hill ;
 The ceaseless music of the water-mill
 Sole requiem is of Love's enchanted sleep,
 Sweet iris-beds a cloistral silence keep
 Save where, perchance, when all the fields are still,
 A nymph her lap with lilies shy may fill
 Or watch the jocund fish in circles leap.

And far below the phantom city lies,
 Dreaming of life and dead philosophies ;
 While echoes of a thousand famous feet
 That sometime trod her grey majestic street
 (Where laughing youth hath fixed his age-worn seat)
 Float o'er her from a cloud of centuries.

ARTHUR RUTTER BAYLEY¹ (1868-).

ON THE RIVER

From *Waifs and Strays*.

NOW the west wind softly sigheth
 In the linden trees ;
 And the south wind soft replieth
 With the droning bees ;
 And the gold and purple posies,
 Plucked from Spring's fair bed,
 Now before the summer roses
 Faded are and fled.

¹ Pembroke College, Oxford.

Sing together, swing together,
Steadily and slow ;
For this is the summer weather,
And the stream is low.

Primroses and daffodillies
Live and die too soon ;
Let us love the stately lilies
In the warmth of June.
Cuckoos sang of coming pleasure,
Through mixed sun and rain ;
Nightingales now fill love's measure
With their twilight strain.

Sing together, swing together,
Steadily and slow,
For this is the summer weather,
And the stream is low.

All the day long we may listen
To the plashing oar ;
Watch the lapping waves that glisten
On the sunlit shore ;
Hear still woods with thrush-notes quiver
By the water's edge ;
Or, where marsh-lands hem the river,
Song-birds of the sedge.

Sing together, swing together,
Steadily and slow ;
For this is the summer weather,
And the stream is low.

We can moor, when noon is glowing,
 'Neath an alder's shade ;
 Laugh in gladness overflowing,
 Laughter Love hath made ;
 Rest and row in changing season,
 Onward with the sun ;
 Crown Mirth king and disown Reason,
 Till the day be done.

Sing together, swing together,
 Steadily and slow ;
 For this is the summer weather,
 And the stream is low.

LEONARD HUXLEY¹ (1869—).

OXFORD FROM THE TRAIN

From an article in *THE SPECTATOR* of May 1, 1909.

YOU cannot get at the best of all scenery from the railway. The cities and villages deny themselves. No charming country village sets itself about a railway station ; no great city was built to be seen by railway travellers. With the road it is different. Architects plan buildings to be looked at from the road. Even those who lay out the quietest gardens may think how the road should be joined by the carriage drive. The gates may be as handsome as the house itself beyond. But nobody ever plans

¹ Balliol College.

scenery for the railway traveller, nobody ever gives the railway a picture. Look at the different approaches by railway and by road, to such a place as Oxford. Almost from any direction by road the buildings group themselves with a purpose; but choose to come into the High Street over Magdalen Bridge, with the sparkle of the Cherwell under the pollards below, and the slender grace of the tower above the bridge; the domes and spires and noble spaces move one by one into the picture; you see it all best from the road. Then travel to Oxford by train. The station merges its bricks and its noise into narrow streets and rows of insignificant houses; beyond, in the distance, the spires and towers set themselves along the skyline, but it is the unlovely foreground which insists. Of the city itself, and the graces of its grey stone, its ordered age and its noble trees, you will see nothing whatever.

ERIC PARKER¹ (1870—).

A WELCOME TO OXFORD

(COMMEMORATION, 1893.)

O NCE more beneath battlements olden,
 Once more beneath skies that are blue,
 Where fairies weave tapestries golden
 And carpets of emerald hue;
 Where youth is companioned by laughter,
 Where life is unburdened by care,
 And tender love-echoes come after
 The words of the fair;

¹ Merton College.

There comes to our mirth and its measure
 No thought of the hours and their flight,
 No method determines our pleasure,
 We reckon no rules of delight ;
 The sun in the sky is above us,
 His rays in our river lie clear,
 So come, and make glad, if you love us,
 The heart of the year !

Oh welcome ! our fairies a table
 Shall spread you at twilight and dawn,
 Where the summer spreads amber and sable
 In sunshine and shade on the lawn ;
 O welcome, to walk unreprovèd
 Where life knows no fetter nor chain,
 O welcome, thrice welcome, belovèd,
 And welcome again !

HERBERT ARTHUR MORRAH¹ (1870-).

OXFORD

WHAT did we seek in the days that are long
 gone by ?
 Friendship of heart with heart, and joy in the battle
 cry :
 Service in Church and in State, in our poverty toiling
 for bread ;
 Such was the life we lived in the days that are long
 since dead.

¹ St. John's College; President of the Union in 1894, author of *In College Groves, and other Oxford Verses*.

What did we seek in the days that but lately are past ?
Service of God in his Church, if his Church could be
found at last :

Rubbing of creed with creed till Truth should shine
to the light.

Such were the dreams we dreamed in days newly
passed into night.

What are the dreams we dream in the stress of the
life of the hour ?

Knowledge enlarging its span, and Thought's invincible power :

Freedom embracing the world, and Authority bowed
to the door ;

And Wealth giving strenuous heed to the clamant
prayer of the poor.

Oxford, thy sons will serve thee with love and with
honour for aye :

Though we pass as the foam of the waves by the west
wind hurried away,

Friendship and Service are true, and Knowledge and
Worship abide.

God bring us all to his haven beyond the sundering
tide !

BERNARD WILLIAM HENDERSON¹ (1871-).

¹ Fellow of Exeter College, author of *The Life of Nero*, and *History of the Civil Wars of the Empire from Nero to Vespasian*.

OXFORD AND ITS STORY

IT is with cities as with men. The manner of our meeting some men, and the moment, impress them upon our minds beyond the ordinary. And the chance of our approach to a city is full also of significance.

• • • • •
Among inland towns I know none that can surpass Oxford in the beauty of its approach.

Beautiful as youth and venerable as age, she lies in a purple cup of the low hills, and the water-meads of Isis and the gentle slopes beyond are besprent with her grey 'steeple towers, and spires whose silent finger points to heaven'. And all around her the country is a harmony in green—the deep, cool greens of the lush grass, the green of famous woods, the soft, juicy landscapes of the Thames valley.

You may approach Oxford in summer by road, or rail, or river. Most wise and most fortunate perhaps is he who can obtain his first view of Oxford from Headington Hill, her Fiesole. From Headington has been quarried much of the stone of which the buildings of Oxford, and especially her Colleges, have been constructed.

Oxford owes much of her beauty to the humidity of the atmosphere, for the Thames valley is generally humid, and when the floods are out, and that is not seldom, Oxford rises from the flooded meadows like some superb Venice of the North, centred in a vast

lagoon. And just as the beauty of Venice is the beauty of coloured marbles blending with the ever-changing colour of water and water-laden air, so, to a large extent, the beauty of Oxford is due to this soft stone of Headington, which blends with the soft humid atmosphere in ever fresh and tender harmonies, in ever-changing tones of purple and grey. By virtue of its fortunate softness this stone ages with remarkable rapidity, flashes off and grows discoloured, and soon lends to quite new buildings a deceptive but charming appearance of antiquity.

Arriving, then, at the top of Headington Hill, let the traveller turn aside, and, pausing awhile by 'Joe Pullen's' tree, gaze down at the beautiful city which lies at his feet. Her sombre domes, her dreaming spires rise above the tinted haze, which hangs about her like a delicate drapery, and hides from the traveller's gaze the grey walls and purple shadows, the groves and cloisters of Academe. For a moment he will summon up remembrance of things past ; he will fancy that so, and from this spot, many a mediaeval student, hurrying to learn from the lips of some famous scholar, first beheld the scene of his future studies ; this, he will remember, is the Oxford of the Reformation, where, as has been said, the old world and the new lingered longest in each other's arms, like mother and child, so much alike and yet so different ; the Oxford also of the Catholic reaction, where the young Elizabethan Revivalists wandered by the Isis and Cherwell framing schemes for the restoration of religion and the deliverance of the fair Mary ; the

loyal and chivalrous Oxford of the Caroline period, the nursery of knights and gentlemen, when camp and court and cloister were combined within her walls ; the Oxford of the eighteenth century, still mindful of the King over the water, and still keeping alive in an age of materialism and infidelity some sparks of that loftier and more generous sentiment which ever clings to a falling cause.

It is the Oxford, again, of the Tory and High Churchman of the old school ; the home of the scholar and the gentleman, the Wellesleys, the Cannings, the Grevilles, and the Stanleys. But the Wesleys call her *Alma Mater* also, and, not less, Newman. Methodism equally with the High Church movement originated here. Old as the nation; yet ever new, with all the vitality of each generation's youth reacting on the sober wisdom of its predecessor, Oxford has passed through all these and many other stages of history, and the phases of her past existence have left their marks upon her, in thought, in architecture, and in tradition.

Let our traveller then at length descend the hill, and passing over Magdalen Bridge, beneath the grey tower of ever-changing beauty, the bell-tower of Magdalen, enter upon the 'stream-like windings of that glorious street', the High.

So, over Shotover, down a horse-path through the thick forest the bands of mediaeval scholars used to come at the beginning of each term, and wend their way across the moor to the east gate of the city.

There is no gate to stop you now, no ford, no challenge of sentinels on the walls. The bell-towers of St. Frideswide and Osney have long been levelled to the dust; but the bells of Christ Church and Magdalen greet you.

But not altogether unfortunate, though perhaps with less time to ruminate, will he be who first approaches Oxford by means of the railway. If he is wise, he will choose at Paddington a seat on the off side of the carriage facing the engine. After leaving Radley, the train runs past low-lying water-meadows, willow-laden, yellow with butter-cups, purple with clover and the exquisite fritillary, and passing the reservoir ere it runs into the station, which occupies the site of Osney Abbey, it gives the observant traveller a splendid view of the town ; of Tom Tower, close at hand, and Merton Tower ; of the spires of the Cathedral and S. Aldate's, of S. Mary's and All Saints' ; of Radcliffe's Dome, and the dainty Tower of Magdalen further away ; of Exeter Spire and S. Michael's Tower, and of S. Martin's at Carfax. And at last, very near at hand, the old fragment of the Castle :

There, watching high the least alarms,
The rough, rude fortress gleams afar
Like some bold veteran, grey in arms
And marked with many a seamy scar.

Of the approaches to Oxford so much may be said ; and as to the time when it is most fit to visit her, all times are good. But best of all are the summer

months. In the spring or early summer, when the nightingales are singing in Magdalen walks and the wild flowers spring in Bagley woods, when the meadows are carpeted with purple and gold :

The frail, white-leaved anemony,
Dark blue-bells drenched with dews of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves;

in June, in Eights' Week, when the University is bravely ploughing its way through a storm of gaiety and athleticism into the inevitable maelstrom of examinations, when the streets are crowded with cricketers, oarsmen, and their sisters ; when the Schools and College quads are transformed into ball-rooms, and many a boat lingers onward dreamily in the golden light of the setting sun beneath the willows that fringe the Cherwell—at these times Oxford seems an enchanted city, a land where it is always afternoon. But you will come to know her best, and to love her perhaps more dearly, if you choose the later summer months, the Long Vacation. Then all the rich meadow lands that surround her are most tranquil, green and mellow, and seem to reflect the peace of the ancient city, freed for a while from the turmoil of University life. Then perhaps you will best realize the two-sided character of this Janus-City.

CECIL HEADLAM¹ (1872—).

¹ Magdalen College.

VARIATIONS UPON OXFORD

OUTSIDE, the city, ceaselessly
Beneath its cold electric moons
Throbs like a sombre symphony
Of drums and basses and bassoons ;
But I can see, amid the sweet
And gallant pageant of my dreams,
Another city, at whose feet
The Thames, unsullied, glides and gleams.

.
The vision shifts ; the day appears ;
I see the bridge, the stream, again,
And like a spell-bound flight of spears
The gilded vanes of Magdalen ;

The fresh breeze blows ; in every tree
Awakes a matutinal choir ;
The ardent sun's artillery
Sets all the dewy roofs on fire,
And pearl hued from the pearly foam
Of morning mist, I see arise
The sloping shoulders of the dome,
The sharp spire's filmy traceries.

.
The heavy scent of lilac floats
Across the golden Christ Church meads,
To where our joined, unguided boats
Shoulder their slow course through the reeds ;

Above the meadow's hazy veil
The happy larks have soared, each one
Like a freed soul afire to scale
The golden ladders of the sun,—

The sun, whose royal alms are flung
Broadcast into the lap of her
Who boasts a thousand diamonds strung
On every thread of gossamer.

•
O bride arrayed in rose and gold,
O daughter of a thousand Springs,
O dear, grey city, where of old
I snared awhile joy's wayward wings ;

•
All passes, only you remain
Inviolate, the Queen of dreams ;
In vain the villas choke your plain,
In vain the mills pollute your streams ;

In vain new Vandals desecrate
Worn wall and tower and pinnacle ;
Beyond their grasp your soul is set
Immortal and invulnerable.

ST. JOHN LUCAS¹ (1879-).

¹ University College.

OXFORD

To WALTER PATER (1894)

P
ALE visions of the taper spires,
Like warning fingers pointed, rise
Around me, lo, and there it lies,
Oxford, a pool of fading fires !

A dim metropolis of dreams,
Repopulate with beams and gleams !

City of Sunset—thou that bidst
My spirit kneel as bent in prayer—
To me thou art the more famed fair
For one who murmurs in thy midst,

A poet whom the muses chose
As minister, as mage of Prose.

And now I come so close to him,
Thou temple of the golden tomes,
That towers, blest roofs, and goured domes
In pageantries of purple swim,

Then tired I wake, to read again
Of Marius and the minds of men.

RICHARD C. JACKSON.

OXFORD RE-VISITED

xxi. viii. MDCCCLXXXVIII

F
AIR City once again I lay to rest
Within thy fond dear self my weary bones,
As love would bless one of her dearest sons
Laid safely to her more than anxious breast.

Yes, once again my soul with joy possest
All lowly kneels within a pearl-white shrine,
To bless thee with the great and holy sign
Which pilgrims nobly mark upon the breast.
Dear Oxford, mid thy many towers, I press
Thee to my heart with every high desire,
To take within the breast what love hath sent
To frame this utterance sweet—for aye to bless
Thy more than fragrant name—to light a fire
And melt the winter of our discontent.

RICHARD C. JACKSON.

THE GOLDEN CITY

TO thee, great seat of culture, e'en to thee—
The homestead sweet of wisdom dear to me,
The nursing lap of Nature's darling boy,
The smiling morn of every lasting joy,
The shrine of virtue past all earthly ken,
The mighty school of England's greatest men,
The matron wise that ne'er could lead astray,
The light that shineth to a perfect day,
To thee I pen these lines, fresh springs to ope,
Writ 'neath thy temple's shade of Keble's name;
To pave the way to better things, I hope,
To swell the glory of thy matchless fame,
To weave some lofty theme for ever bright,
Since thou hast been my home, and God thy light.

RICHARD C. JACKSON.

OXFORD FROM EXILE

The Spectator of June 18, 1910.

THE merry winds are shouting
An ancient glee of spring,
And sunlit falls the challenge,
Come out—come out, and sing ;
When, lo ! there comes a rumour,
A whispering to me
Of the grey town, the fey town,
The town where I would be.

I see the river Silence,
I see the crumbling walls,
I hear the mellow laughter
And a clear voice that calls ;
O tears that rise unbidden,
Ye shall not blur for me
The old town, the cold town,
The town I cannot see.

The memories of comrades,
Of battles lost or won,
Light, light they sway the balance
Against a gleam of sun :
But ah ! my heart is yearning
And going far from me
To the grey town, the fey town,
The town where I would be.

FRANCIS BRETT BRETT-SMITH¹ (1884—).

¹ Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

THE RADCLIFFE SQUARE

From *Leaves in the Wind.*

SQUARE of the silver towers ! bathèd this night
 In all the faintest roses of the west,
 And rainbow rivers, running down thy breast.
 Thy sacred majesty still veiled from sight
 Of the desiring Sun . . . thy marvellous might
 And lovely grace of centuries rocked to rest,
 Pledged evermore to One so bright and blest,
 Who rules the Heaven and thee, sweet Square, by
 night.

Pride of the silver moon that now enfolds
 Thee, stepping through the dusk in dignity
 From out thy rose-bath, looking white and dead !
 We men could find it in our thirsty souls
 To envy with a strange, new misery
 The guarded coolness of thy stony bed.

LUISE KREBS ('ELSA LORRAINE').

OXFORD

From *Leaves in the Wind*

OFULL of domes, and pinnacles, and towers,
 And to the brim with past and future hours ;
 O wondrous soul of fire clothèd in stone
 And written o'er in Wisdom's words alone.
 I pray to thee, All-wise and Always-nigh,
 O hear me from below thine evening sky !

Upon thy pillared feet I cast my fears,
For they are bathed in all thy children's tears ;
About thy crest I throw my creeping cares,
For many a thorn its crown of turrets bears.
Thou, with the pain of centuries o'erpiled,
Wilt surely bear the burden of thy child !
Have I not dipped that childhood's every dream
Into thy willowed, silver-saddened stream ?
And all the springs and summers of my youth
Tried the soul's oars therein to solve thy truth ?
Have I not sent free fancies flitting soft,
Thy poplars and thy far-spread elms aloft,
Like threads of moonlight from an unknown sphere,
Which at thine own moon's drift must disappear ?
And now that this year bleeds its life away,
Flushing to-night the dense fog's deathly grey,
Does not thy losing of each little leaf
Glitter in dew as crimson o'er my grief ?
And shall I not thy winter's ruin share,
Twining its naked branches in my hair ?
Oh ! I have loved thee—love thee—longest, best ;
Of all thine own I am the faithfulest ;
Though some should love thee more, yet none so
well,
For *how* I love thyself alone can tell !
This is my prayer : ' Hold and comfort me,
Shielding the soul by night with strength of thee,
Fencing it round by day, secure, defend,
And keep ! O my belief unto the end !

LUISE KREBS (' ELSA LORRAINE ').

LEAVES IN THE WIND

BEYOND the red-roofed border of our town
 A peaceful meadow slopes toward the south,
 Where languorous cattle graze on luscious growth,
 And the sweet starry buttercups press down
 On verdant-flowing locks an amber crown ;
 Where sway the elms beneath a breeze uncouth,
 Or give a sunlit smile toward the south,
 Beyond those cots that run around our town.

While the great Sun accomplishes his goal,
 And raven-throated clouds leap from the East,
 And tears of parting prick the silken stream
 Where the cows drink, as from an argent bowl,
 And the ducks float, each on its downy breast,
 Like water-lilies in a golden dream.

LUISE KREBS ('ELSA LORRAINE').

ON THE CHER

THE morning light is like a song
 Between the trees whose shadows throng
 The water where we drift along.

Sweet song that scorns the toil of fools,
 And only knows the golden rules
 Of Nature's saner, kindlier schools !

Sweet song that called us from the store
 Of barren wisdom, dusty lore,
 And drew us through the open door !

Adown the lilac-bordered way
We came to where the river lay
Girt with its bridal robe of May.

Along the stream the breeze is low,
Our steady paddles, moving slow,
Make gentle music as we go.

An open space, and we behold
Blue hills engirdling, fold on fold,
The deep green meadows set with gold.

They pass, and now alone are seen
Green boughs o'erhanging, and between
Green banks the waters still and green.

With light and music everywhere
The spring has made creation fair ;
The song of birds is in the air.

So on we drift, and drifting down
Crowned with the sunlight's golden crown,
Catch glimpses of the toiling town.

Anon we moor our barque, and keep
Noon's vigil where the shades are deep,
And pass the charmèd gates of sleep ;

Or turn to read no more the page
Of some defunct tutorial sage,
But words that know not time nor age.

Lords of the lyre love taught to sing,
Swift birds of song with rapturous wing,
Dead poets who have loved the spring.

And so, 'mid music-haunted bowers,
We pass the slow, declining hours,
And fill the idle boat with flowers.

Again we drift ; and now the pride
Of daylight fails, while far and wide
Long shadows crowd the countryside.

Behind the bridge the sun is set ;
His last red glory lingers yet,
And deepens into violet.

Regretful, with reluctant feet,
We turn beneath the elms to greet
The tumult of the gas-lit street.

G.

TWO UNIVERSITIES

From Waifs and Strays.

ON Oxford's towers the tranquil stars look down :
The sleeping city sighs with gentle breath.
Closed are the eyes, relaxed the careful frown,
This wearied brain of England slumbereth.

The moon is bathing the cathedral spire,
The great quadrangle lies in peace below.
Far back my spirit wanders in desire,
I know not why, to things of long ago—

To that old life I dream of, throbbing on,
While ne'er a sound the nightly stillness mars,
Or breaks the sleep of sacred Babylon,
Beneath the silence of the wondering stars.

O fair dead world ! I tread thy ways, and mark
Those sculptured walls the moonlight falls athwart ;
The dreaming monsters throw their shadows dark
Down the wide stairway and the sleeping court.

By bridge and quay the river makes its moan :
The storied temples all deserted lie.
One wan astrologer sits here alone,
And gazes ever at the shifting sky.

Far as the eye can reach the roofs are spread.
But mists have risen from the sullen stream ;
The clock is chiming from the tower, and fled
Is all that old world glory, as a dream.

They lived, they thought, they died, they did their
part.

They read the secrets of the stars o'erhead.
We struggle still, with aching brain and heart,
To solve the riddle that they left unread.

Still, still its mystery the world doth keep,
Still toils humanity, unwon the crown.
And still, as wondering at our wearied sleep,
On Oxford's towers the tranquil stars look down.

C. H. W.

VILLANELLE

OXONIA

From Waifs and Strays.

QUEEN with a coronet of spires,
Hail to thee, lady, mother mine,
Thou whose great love for us ne'er tires.

Or ever on the golden fires
Of dawn we gazed, thou wert divine :
Queen with a coronet of spires.

Mid all our frets and mean desires,
Awful and hallowed is thy shrine :—
Thou whose great love for us ne'er tires.

And when we join the dead, our sires,
Still radiant thou wilt stand and shine :
Queen with a coronet of spires.

Queen with a coronet of spires,
Thou whose great love for us ne'er tires,
Sung by a myriad deathless lyres,
Thou lovest and art loved of thine.

A. C. M.

IN MEMORIAM AMICORUM DEFUNCTORUM

WHERE are they gone, those dear old friends
I cherished,
Ere time had traced his wrinkles on my brow ?
Their mortal frames I know, alas ! have perished,
Yet in my dreams I see their faces now.

I seem to hear the old familiar voices
And press the hands I used to press of yore,
With each and all my heart again rejoices,
We walk again by woodland, stream, and shore.

We watch the sunset on the mountains glowing
And scent the bloom of flowers in the breeze,
We hear the cattle in the meadows lowing
And all the feathered songsters on the trees.

And talk afresh of things now long time vanished,
Our youthful plans replete with hope and joy,
When carking cares were all remotely banished
And life and love were still without alloy.

Ah me ! shall Nature, wise benefic Power,
Decree that man must wholly pass away ?
Shall all remembrance perish in that hour
That calls the body back to native clay ?

Reason rejects such drear and sad conclusion ;
And consciousness still whispers in the breast
Man's immortality is no illusion,
His future state is not unconscious rest.

HENRY GOUDY¹ (1848-).

¹ Formerly Professor of Civil Law, University of Edinburgh ; Regius Professor of Civil Law, Oxford, since 1889 ; Fellow of All Souls College.

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